



T A N Z A I
A N D
N E A D A R N E,
A
J A P O N E S E History.

B O O K IV.

* C H A P. X.

Vastly moving, if it be well treated.



E A D A R N E, as the reader may suppose, was under no little concern, when she found herself obliged to visit the genius. Matters of much less importance often fix the mind in thought; and her situation was such as

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must

must necessarily perplex every strictly-virtuous woman. Her deformity did not give her the least uneasiness; but the things which were to be transacted in that island raised the most displeasing ideas in her mind. She, nevertheless, proceeded in her journey. Being come within a small distance from the sea-shore, she ordered her attendants to stop, and bid them wait there till she came back.

The instant she had left her train she took out her pocket-glass. She then found, with a secret satisfaction, that Whisker had performed her promise; and that all her graces were not only returned, but even improved. Tho' she had no manner of inclination for the genius; tho' she thought it would be a great misfortune for her to appear lovely in his eye, it yet would have vexed her, had she been forced to come in his presence in the hideous condition to which Whisker's malice had reduced her. Every woman is desirous of pleasing, tho' she makes no use of the fond wishes she inspires. Be her passion ever so strong, or the delicacy with which she

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she feels it ever so exquisite, still her vanity must be gratified; and as this is, of all cravings, the most urgent, love must necessarily be a loser. She therefore felt a kind of pleasure in reflecting, that Jonquille would be enchanted with her beauty; and considered, as a mighty triumph she would gain, to see this genius, who was used to enjoy the most perfect beauties, confess that she eclipsed them all. She was revolving these pleasing thoughts, when she came to the shore of the lake, in which that island was situated.

I must not omit that she had loaded thirty little vessels, at least, with moles brought from Chechian. The ship which was to carry Neadarné made an extreme pretty show: it's sails of a yellow and silver colour, were embroidered, with mottos, on subjects of love and gallantry: the tackling was of the same soft materials as the sails; and a cupid, who held the rudder, seemed, by the vivacity and tenderness of his attitude, to declare to the beauties, who were waiting to this island, the pleasures which were there reserved for them. Neadarné felt

a kind of shuddering as she was going on board: she was naturally afraid of the water; and the figure of the cupid, who seemed to be the pilot, had not the power to calm her fears. However, her voyage was propitious; and the ship cleaving the waves with prodigious rapidity, did not stop till it came to a magnificent harbour, standing opposite to the palace of the genius. When Neadarné was landed, her bosom felt unusual palpitations, and blushes overspread her cheeks. Her confusion increased, when she saw such multitudes hastening from every part of the island to gaze upon her charms: tho' she was not displeased at this first effect of her beauty, yet the inhabitants giggled so much when they looked at her, that she concluded they had a shrewd guess as to the motive of her visit to the genius, which made her quite ashamed. She still went forward, tho' surrounded with these islanders, who extolled her perfections to the skies, and congratulated their sovereign on the magnificent present she had brought him. Neadarné, quite sick of their applauses, their discourses, and
yellow

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yellow complexion, arrived at last at the gate of the palace, fully persuaded that, were the genius of as yellow a hue as his subjects, her virtue would be in no danger. The masters of the ceremonies were waiting for her. These were the genius's favourites; and those who exercised this employment at court, had more than one there. They assured the princess, that Jonquille would certainly have waited upon her himself, had he not been absolutely prevented by affairs in which the dignity of his crown was concerned. In the mean time, they conducted her into a magnificent apartment, where a noble collation was served up. In the midst of it, a delightful symphony was heard; this being the signal for the arrival of the so formidable Jonquille, Neadarne's heart throbbed at the sounds; the idea of Tanzai, and of what would be required from her, filled her with uneasy thoughts, and tears streamed from her eyes: she was in this lovely confusion when Jonquille came into the apartment.

Struck with the lustre of the princess's beauty, he stood motionless. Neadarn,
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darné, out of civility, had risen up. They both continued silent during these first moments : but the genius, recovering from his ravishing surprize, begged the princess to keep her seat, and immediately fell prostrate before her. Neadarné had not yet dared to look upon him ; but being at last forced to cast her eyes that way, she was exceedingly surprized, both with the majesty of his person, and the beauty of his features, as well as complexion, which was far from yellow. She used her utmost endeavours to prevail with him to rise, but he absolutely refused ; nor would he give back her hand he had seized, and on which (to lose no time) he had already printed a thousand kisses. Jonquille was certainly too bold on this occasion ; but having been too successful in his amours, he always entered upon them a little too roughly. It was not his custom to stop even there ; and Neadarné's mouth offering him a lovely pretence to justify his wild transports, he was going to kiss her rosy lips, when Neadarné repulsing him with violence ; You are a little too forward, says she,
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in the specimen you give of the wretched state to which I am reduced, and — I am sensible, madam, interrupted Jonquille, that I ought not to seize, at first sight, a blessing which I could not expect to taste, even after a fortnight's devotion; but as the fates allow me only one day, methinks, I give no ill proof of the conquest your charms have made, when I resolve not to run the hazard of losing it. How! sir, says she, Can you be so ungenerous as to take advantage of my sad circumstances? It was not I, answered the genius, who required this trial from you; my eager transports prove sufficiently the lengths I would go to serve you: and I must be forced to oblige you, in spite of yourself. But, could you, replied Neadarné, be satisfied with owing, to violence, a blessing my heart will for ever refuse you? Once again, says Jonquille, I am sensible how happy the possession of your heart would make me; and, could I perceive but the least glimpse of success, I would use my utmost endeavours to win its favour; but what advantage would so scrupulous a behaviour be to

me? You only would put a greater constraint upon yourself, and I should not appear more lovely in your eyes. The fates, at the same time that they offer me the most rapturous pleasure, sentence me to be deprived of that which forms the greatest charm of it. In those moments, when you might communicate so much bliss, your breast will heave with mournful sighs; and the severity of your virtue will make the whole a scene of horror to you. But I could advise you much better on this occasion: it is in your power to make a pleasure of necessity: this would not cost you so many pangs, nor would you be less virtuous. The only reason why duty becomes painful is, because it is not the work of our own fancy. The most lovely husband often disgusts for this only reason, because he has a right to claim what would be delivered to him with transport, did not the fair one imagine herself his tributary. With a husband it is a debt we pay; with a lover, it is a gift we bestow: and one of these must naturally be more grateful than the other. Now this is just my case with

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with regard to the charming Neadarné! I was not the object of your choice, and this is the only reason why you hate me; but, in short, you are forced to indulge me some marks of complaisance; and all I desire is, for your own satisfaction, to consider them as less grievous. Oh! is this in my power? replied the princess. Can I do otherwise than detest you? My heart — Madam, says the genius, interrupting her, I am sorry you cannot bestow it upon me. But, if I may be allowed to speak freely, the heart is frequently a mere chimæra, and is far from being always so active as we fondly imagine: I am become a philosopher on that head. Let me know then, says he, what business we are upon? Be so good as to tell me the reason of your coming into my island? As tho' you were a stranger to it? replied Neadarné. I know, indeed, says Jonquille, one way by which I could divert your idle moments; but I really am quite in the dark as to the motive of your addressing me. I can cure such a variety of things, that I myself am unable to enumerate them. But
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do you boast only one remedy? says Neadarné. But one, madam, replied the genius; and you are the only lady I ever met with who wished I could employ another. But come; what ails you? a Skimmer — What! says he, interrupting her, a Skimmer! this really is a very whimsical disease — Says Neadarné, my story is the most odd one you ever heard, and I can never prevail upon myself to tell it you. No matter for that, says the genius, I perhaps may be able to cure you tho' you don't: nevertheless, it were better I knew exactly what is to be done. — I am to inform you, continued the princess, that in consequence of this Skimmer I mentioned, the prince my husband was bereaved of every worldly thing, the instrument in question excepted. After this, that which disappeared, was again reinstated; but then, I myself have been obnoxious to some accidents — You know very well, that the marriage state claims certain duties — May it never be in my power, cries Jonquille, to serve you, if I understand your meaning! What can be meant by this Skimmer,

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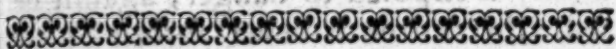
mer, which makes us lose what we once possess ; and what relation has it to the duties of wedlock ? For goodness sake, speak plainer. Neadarné, now emboldened by the intreaties of the genius, discovered step by step (her blushes rising as she spoke) the business she was come upon.

Your condition seems very deplorable, replied Jonquille with a smile, and yet it is not so desperate as your fears make you imagine. It must, however, be confessed, that the disease you mention is of a most extraordinary kind ; and I never met with the like in all my practice. Nevertneless, I am not under any apprehensions upon that account. But, madam, I am afraid the aversion you entertain against the remedy will quite defeat the effects it would otherwise have. Cannot you represent it to your imagination under a less frightful idea ? I don't accuse your scruples ; but on the other side. — Sir, cries Neadarné, if you don't condemn my scruples, never require from me what is so vastly shocking to think of. Madam, replied Jonquille, I claim nothing ; you

may do as you please, and either accept or refuse my services. You are, from this moment, free to leave my island. But consider, sir, says the princess, I then shall have undertaken this journey to a fine purpose. That, madam, answers he, is just as you please. Cruel man! says she, (the tears stealing down her cheeks) — Divine princess! says Jonquille, rising from the ground, will you never triumph over your seruples, and must I be for ever urging you to labour at your own felicity? Let us change this subject, says Neadarné, it gives me great pain. It would give you much greater, replied Jonquille, should I wave it intirely: however, I am not so ignorant of my duty, as to be guilty of so much rudeness; but am sensible, that it is my business to seemingly extort from you, what you doubtless will be so gracious as to bestow. In the mean time, strive not to hate me; and come and adorn with your presence the festivities I have appointed merely for your entertainment. The genius then took the princess's hand, and squeezed it a little harder than suited her inclinations;

whilst

whilst she, blushing at the liberties he took, suffered him nevertheless to lead her, in the fond hopes, that he would make no further attempts.



CHAP. XI.

Which is of no Use but to spin out the Work.

IN a history, solid and judicious reflections are no less esteemed than events described with beauty and elegance. This is very just; for at the same time that they eke out the composition, they prove the author's sagacity. In consequence of this maxim, we believe it may be allowed us to make a few animadversions on Neadarne's situation. Any woman who should declare that, had she been in her place, not a single fear would have fluttered in her bosom, must either be a hypocrite, or one of those who are not formed to experience the dangers of opportunity, and have always abandoned themselves blindly to them. This thought perhaps

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is not clear; but so much the better for the reader, since he will have the pleasure of interpreting it as he thinks fit. There are very few occasions in which a lady is exposed to danger, against her will: her virtue is never forced by circumstances; and tho' many a woman has been heard to protest, that in meeting her lover at such a rendezvous (in which she unluckily made a trip) she certainly would not have advanced within a league of the place, had she not been fully persuaded her honour would be unsullied: yet we ought always to suppose, that she was in no manner of doubt of what would happen; and to prove this at once, let a lover, who has been favoured with one of these innocent assignations, but slip the delicious opportunity, and see whether such a behaviour will not disgust (perhaps for ever) the virtuous fair one, who had trusted herself alone with him. Women have a multitude of expedients for the security of their virtue; their constant practice of dissembling all their impulses, and that principle of decency and pride which stifles them; the fear that strikes

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our sex, the awe with which we behold them ; and, generally, our uncertainty with regard to their resolutions, added to the dread of offending them ; in these several particulars commonly consists the strength of their formidable and very specious virtue. If the idea of pleasure is but ever so little reflected upon, it never fails to prevail in the human heart over all the ideas of prejudice. A woman, when alone, may immediately blot out all such images as could shock her modesty ; but let a lover reveal himself, and strike her eye, where is her virtue then ? If she still struggles, it is not to save it, for her loss would be too considerable. But she must yield with honour, and give an air of greatness to her frailty : in a word, she must fall with decency, and be enabled to apologize in her own mind for her conduct, whenever she reflects on the irregularity of it. Few women will allow this to be fact, but it is not less so for their denying it.

Neadarné had not the time for displaying of her virtue, that is usually allowed on these occasions, in proportion

tion to the prudery, the majesty and dissimulation of the fair one who is attacked. She was mistress but of one day; and besides, she was not certain whether her resistance could hold out even so long. The genius was amiable, impatient, and accustomed to conquer; he had a perfect knowledge of the female heart, took advantage of every thing, and lovers of this character are very dangerous: they hasten the critical minute, and are sure of hitting upon it. She, indeed, was defended by the passion she felt for Tanzai; but then it was necessary for her to injure that very passion, purely for its own sake; and in doing this she would be so much the more excusable, as the prince her husband would be totally in the dark with regard to the transactions of that island. How powerfully did these reasons prepare the way to her fall? and there was but one (and that merely imaginary) which could keep her from it. What multitudes will censure the princess, who would themselves have slipped, though there had not been half that number!

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In consequence of this chain of reasoning, which needed not to have been half so long, the princess could not but feel some little palpitation, as Jonquille was conducting her. He led her thro' a numberless multitude of apartments, still more beautiful from taste than magnificence, tho' this was exquisite. From the palace, they went into delightful gardens. Here the most just, the most shining touches of art, were blended with the most unaffected beauties of nature. On one side were rustick grottos and rivulets, whose gentle murmurs invited to the sweetest slumbers, or the most soft delights. On the other side were cascades as far as the eye could see, splendid summer-houses, and statues of prodigious value. There one might stray in the winding, unequal paths of a wood, whose irregularity did not make it less agreeable. Here allies of a surprizing height, and laid out with the greatest order, invited to a more easy, tho' less luxurious walk. The parterres enchanted the beholder, by the variety and beauty of the flowers with which they were adorned.

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In these, Flora had for ever fixed the seat of her empire; and so lovely did she appear to Zephyrus, that by his caressing her perpetually, one would have imagined, he had bid an eternal adieu to inconstancy. These gardens were filled with every species of the winged choristers: The turtle dove intermixed her plaintive accents, with the piercing sprightly notes of the thistle-finch and nightingale. The most charming nymphs the world ever saw, mixed here in the dance. Shepherds gay and more polished than those who tread the banks of the * Lignon, sung in concert with their pipes, a passion which, tho' ever happy, was not therefore less true. In fine, all objects seemed to whisper love in these delicious groves; all things invited the eye, and inspired the heart with it; and one seemed to suck in that passion with the air of this enchanting abode.

Luxury,

* The supposed habitation of the shepherd and shepherdesses of Dursley's *Astrea*. The Lignon, whose banks are vastly agreeable, is a river of France.

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Luxury, seated triumphantly in the midst of this garden, regulated the several delights, and diffused over them that engaging charm which she only can bestow. The little loves crowned her with flowers, and wantoned round her in the most pleasing sports.

It was impossible for Neadarné to withstand so sweet a variety of objects; and, in spite of herself, her heart fluttered in her bosom. She felt that impulse of tenderness which confuses the senses, and is the prelude to greater distraction. Jonquille, who knew the tumults of her soul, gazed upon her with eyes, which painted so strongly his wishes, that Neadarné, unable to support their splendor, now struck dumb and confused, vented so soft a sigh, that Jonquille would oblige her to strike into a thicket that lay just before them. Neadarné, lost to herself by the wild distraction of her thoughts, suffered him to lead her towards it; but, just as they were entering this solitude, it appeared so gloomy, and the prince's glancing at the genius, discovered such

excessive fondness in his looks, that she instantly recovered, and absolutely refused to advance into it. Jonquille, knowing there are more minutes than one in the day, finding he had lost this, pressed her no further, and led her to that part of the garden where the nymphs and shepherds were engaged in the most sprightly dances. Neadarné was looking at them, when a man, who flew with prodigious swiftness from a corner of the garden, came whirling and turning heels over head, into the midst of the dancers, and put them all into confusion.

The princess knew him immediately, by his frisking, to be Cormorant; but being desirous of concealing from the genius her concern for him; That man, says she, there, has given us a very whimsical dance. He does not frisk about in that manner, for his pleasure, replied Jonquille. I can hardly fancy, replied Neadarné, that it is for yours. You are not acquainted with that tumbler, says the genius; he possesses the most talents of any man in the world,
and

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and would at the same time be the happiest, had he not incurred my displeasure, by his robbing me of a fairy's heart whom I adored. Being of too mild a disposition to inflict a cruel vengeance on him, I resolved only to confine him for ever to my garden, employed in the penance you now see: Good, my lord, replied Neadarné, suspend his punishment! Come hither, says the genius to Cormorant; Dare to behold thy master; go to the palace, and employ thy utmost endeavours to amuse the divine object who is pleased to command in these seats. Cormorant answered no otherwise than by a very low bow, and went towards the palace, but could not forbear to whirl about and turn topsy turvy several times; so great is the force of custom. Neadarné, as she thanked the genius, could not forbear stealing a look at him, and thought him so greatly superior in beauty to Cormorant, tho' the latter was amiable enough, that she accused Whisker of caprice, for rejecting Jonquille's fond passion. She was

even going to fancy him no less charming than Tanzai, but without endangering her virtue by such a reflection, for she could not so much as think of her husband without sighing; and was confirming (in her own mind) the resolution she had made of being for ever true to him, when word was brought that dinner was served up. The reader will please, both for his own convenience, and that of the author, to leap at once from the garden to the dining-room, especially as he will be no loser by it.





* CHAP. XII.

In which will be shewn, among other Particulars, how greatly Music has degenerated.

THIS dining-room, the historian assures us, was extremely handsome, and the banquet was worthy the persons for whom it had been prepared. Neadarné was placed opposite to the genius; this situation displeased her, for, it is certain, people generally look forward. By this Neadarné found herself sentenced, either to never lift up her eyes, or else to cast them upon Jonquille, who now growing very fond, ogled her in a most unaccountable manner. Neadarné was surprized, among other things, to see that no moles were served up. My lord, says she to the genius, don't put such a restraint upon your appetite, as to forbear, upon my account, eating of your favourite dish; for I brought so-
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great a number of those animals, that there cannot but be full enough for your use. Meaning me, madam? (says he) No, no, I never touch moles; of all dainties, there is none so little pleasing to my palate. Who then could have told you such a story? I had been assured, replied the lady, that this was the most delicious morsel in the world to you: if it is otherwise, why do you seek so industriously to rid the earth of them? I had very essential reasons, madam, for this conduct, replied the genius; but these now ceasing, I no longer prosecute the ingrate who had so highly injured me. The punishment of her lover, and the condition in which he is forced to live, are vengeance sufficient; and my resentment was extinguished with my love. All this is, to me, a riddle, replied Neadarné. I can very easily explain it to you, answered Jonquille. The wretch there, with the dulcimer, who owes to your good-nature the happy day he enjoys, was shamefully preferred to me. But, my lord, says Neadarné, since your
love

love is extinguished, why do you perpetuate your vengeance? To excuse, says he, my being thus cruel, (in the calm I now enjoy) I must tell you how injuriously I have been treated, and the dreadful torments to which my heart was exposed. But I beg we may leave this subject, and let me not poison, by recalling to my memory so ungrateful an incident, the pleasure which the sight of your beauties breathes over my soul. If this pleasure, replied the princess, were so exquisite as you would make me believe, your former amour must then appear no otherwise to you than a dream, the bare ideas of which would be always blotted from your remembrance; you would no longer consider your rival as an enemy; but forget at once, in gazing upon me, that any other object was ever capable of wounding your heart.

From these words, some of my readers will doubtless imagine, that such a reproach could not drop from Neadarné, without a little mixture of love. Kilo-hoe was almost of this opinion. How-

However, as a man should take care not to put an ill construction on actions which may be innocent in themselves; not to mention that, before he passes sentence on so very delicate an affair, he ought first to consider it in all its lights; the author abovementioned believed (after meditating intensely on this subject) that the only motive of Neadarné's jealousy was, that she might the more easily get Cormorant out of Jonquille's hands. The latter interpretation seems very probable. Neadarné was not fired with so strong a passion for Jonquille, as to feel any uneasiness at hearing a quondam amour of his; and, on the other side, the tenderness she still preserved for Tanzai, must necessarily leave her soul (on this article) in that calm, easy state which it preserves with regard to things indifferent. Jonquille, who was a most amiable prince, and at the same time very vain, did not make any of these reflections, and thanked the princess; the good opinion he entertained of himself especially, persuaded him, that this

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was the least he could do. Charming princess, says he to her with transport, if I seemed, in your presence, not to have quite obliterated the passion I once had for another, no one shall ever be able to change or diminish the sweet impression your beauties have made on my heart. He discoursed on a great many other subjects, all of which turned on love, and yet the author has not preserved them; whether it were that he found them too difficult to be rendered, or thought them very trifling, I am not able to determine.

Jonquille was doubtless continuing to quite tire Neadarné, when the latter, to prevent it, told him she had a great desire to hear Cormorant sing. The ill-fated prince came forward, and accompanied his dulcimer with excessive sweetness. He sang with the most melting voice that was ever heard (no matter on what mode) the excess of his fond passion, and the tortures he felt. All who were in the room were so melted with the delicious accents, that nothing was heard but sighs and groans.

Nea-

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Neadarné, whose heart was of the softest cast, wept prodigiously, and sobbed to that degree, that they were forced to cut her lace. The tears stood even in Jonquille's eyes, and hearing the moan continue, Wretch! said he to Cormorant, did I command you to throw the princess, and my whole island into tears? Put an end to these general wailings; and sound forth my pleasures, or I shall give thee cause to sing in the most mournful strains. O do not chide him! says Neadarne: he has, I own, grieved my very soul; but I felt inexpressible pleasure in weeping.

She had scarce done speaking, when Cormorant, who dreaded the genius's anger, sung so very gay an air, and accompanied it with such sprightly accents, that the affliction which had seized all the hearers ceasing at once, and the air that Cormorant sung and played, growing infinitely gayer, it was impossible for Jonquille's courtiers to restrain themselves; so that, in spite of the respect they owed him, they all struck immediately into a country-dance.

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dance. Jonquille would fain have been angry, but was himself so powerfully wrought upon, by the strength of the harmony, that he started up, and was going to mix with the rest. Neadarné, overjoyed to see the genius so strongly affected by Cormorant's music, desired him, once more, to set him at liberty : but he was so shocked at the proposal, and appeared so exasperated at her still regarding that prince, when she ought, as he imagined, to have himself only in her mind, that the princess was fully determined to make use of the slipper, since Jonquille appeared inexorable.

The cloth was taken away ; and after they had drank coffee, Neadarné being very desirous of employing the genius, proposed a party at picquet, at a Louisd'or or a game. With all my heart, says Jonquille, we will play till it is time to go to the opera. But Cormorant, says he, mind your business ; and be sure to act your part better than you did the last time. Cormorant then went away. And so, he plays in the opera ? says Neadarné.
Yes,

Yes, replies the genius; did he but sing in tune, and not squeak so; were he not such a coxcomb on the stage, and less affected or finical, he would be a fine actor. They then went to play, and chance favouring Neadarné, she perpetually picqued, repiqued, and capoted Jonquille, and played with wonderful dexterity and sprightliness. During the play, Jonquille had extended his legs very far under the table; and Neadarné, not knowing who they belonged to, and being quite absent in mind (like any princess) made a cushion of them. Many people have blamed Neadarné's conduct on this occasion, especially considering the terms on which she and Jonquille stood. But, who does not know, that what would be unbecoming in the vulgar, is considered as a trifle by persons of high rank? Does not a woman of quality venture all day long to do things, which one, in an humble way of life, would not so much as dare to think of? Does not even this noble contempt of established usages and customs, distinguish

guish her still more than her rank? Besides, a proof Neadarné did not know that the genius's legs were upon her's, is, her not obliging him to shift their posture, and her easiness and unconfusion all the time. Jonquille indeed took it for a very good omen; but what of that? Neadarné might still be very innocent. How unhappy would women be, were they obliged to answer for all those things which the folly of the other sex has thought fit to charge them with? Do they not take advantage, not only of the innocent regard that is shewn them, but even of the slight that is put upon their persons? If they look upon the men, it is desire: if they don't look upon them, it is dissimulation. The lot of women would be very wretched, were they to think, or were they to feel, a fourth part of the impertinencies which the men ascribe to them. They generally never look upon them as ridiculous, but when they themselves are so.

Jonquille, as the reader may have observed, was of a fiery temper, and
very

very full of himself. He was going to press the favour which he supposed the princess had indulged him ; when the game was ended, and word was brought that the singers of the opera waited their coming. Jonquille conducted Neadarné thither, and could talk of nothing else but his flame ; and as for the princess, she let him say what he pleased, since the fates had decreed, that she neither ought, nor could oblige him to hold his tongue.



* C H A P. XIII.

The O P E R A.

IT would be very difficult to give a just description of the opera of Jonquille. Kilo-hoeé exclaims, in some part of his writings, against the sterility of the Japonese author, who on the other side rails at the Chechianean scribe, which supposes, (not to mention the rest of the translators) that the French writer inveighs against all
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three, and that the public will inveigh against the last named, and accuse him, either of dwelling too long on trifling things, or of passing too lightly over such subjects as were really of importance. But can a translator (unless he is determined to adulterate his original) introduce such events as are merely of his own invention? And should he invent them in circumstances where they might be necessary, would not his manner of writing shew the age in which he lived? Or could he, by conveying himself into the remote ages wherein his heroes existed, describe exactly a set of customs, of which he has not the least knowledge? Had he not better pass them quite over, than amuse his readers with a rhapsody of fictions, which they would soon find very absurd? The only duty of a translator is, to render his author literally, except in those places where he does not understand him, for in this case, he is allowed to paraphrase, comment upon, or dress him as he pleases. The translator of this book owns frankly, that as he does
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not understand his author perfectly, he has added as many silly things at least, as he suppressed; that he has been prolix where the Chinese author was concise, exact where he was inaccurate, dark where he was clear, jocular where he was serious, courtly where he was philosophical; and that, with regard to the several errors he may have committed, he does not apologize, or beg the noble reader's pardon on that account, since this would not make his work a whit the better, nor would he himself be more esteemed for such a grovelling condescension. For these several reasons, (whether good or bad) the reader can have but a very imperfect idea of the opera in question. But whose fault is this? An historian imagines, when he is writing, that posterity will be perfectly well acquainted with the customs which prevail in his time; and hence it is that, in the present age, we know only from conjecture (and those very random ones) the particular way of living of the Romans; not to mention that an article of so much importance

portance employs a thousand Literati, who are for ever employing, to no manner of purpose, their precious oil on this subject. After such an example as that we have given, the translator ought to have his pardon; but if it will not be allowed him, he must even not care a fig for his reader. Were he to give a reason for all the impertinencies in this book, he would never have done.

It will therefore be proper for him to observe, in order to end this long argument, which must tire him no less than the gentle reader, that, in the island of Jonquille, the poetic part of an opera was commonly ridiculous; that it consisted in antiquated fables very fantastically drest; that, in general, the style of them was very flat, and the numbers very drowsy; that there was neither conduct nor concern in them; that such actors were made to dance at every little interval, who, of all actors, ought never to dance; that the person who was in the deepest distress, always quavered melodiously his sorrows; and that more than one hero who was mortally

tally wounded, came upon the stage, in order to make his will, with an accompaniment of flutes; that rivers used to form a dance, and that the most august deity of the drama often came down from the skies, for no other purpose but to act or speak a silly thing. However, that these operas were vastly magnificent, and pleased particularly from the great decorum of the whole. All the actresses were nymphs; and several of those, as well of the chorus, as of the chief personages, were taught to play all sorts of characters; in one act they were vestals, and in the next priestesses of Venus: shifting thus alternately from the superintendence of the sacred fire, to the soft mysteries of beauty's goddess; followers at one and the same time of virtue and concupiscence: performing equally well in either of those opposite characters in public; and never discovering but in private, which of the two put the greatest restraint upon their nature. These nymphs, indeed, did not reveal the secrets of their art to every one: they would elude the curiosity

curiosity of the fondest and most amiable lover : caprice had not the least power over them, nor was ambition a seducing charm ; and none but a deity, superior in power to all the rest, could oblige them to appear in their genuine and natural colours. These small particulars of the opera in question, which Kila-hoe has preserved, give, we believe, a sufficient idea of it, and prove to the reader, how greatly those actresses fell short of that wisdom and disinterested spirit which form the sole characteristic of the actresses of this age ; as well as how vastly inferior in beauty and all other advantages, the dramatic poems of that island were, to those which are so justly the admiration of our people.

In case this long digression should have made the reader lose the thread of the history, we shall here recollect, that Neadarné was going to the opera, that Jonquille waited upon her thither, that he spoke such words as called up her modest blushes ; and that she listened very patiently to them, as well

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out of good manners, as from the impossibility of her doing otherwise.

The moment they came into the house, the curtain drew up. Tho' Cormorant performed wonders, yet neither the monarch nor the princess were diverted. Jonquille's heart was now strongly enflamed, and being desirous of owing his happiness solely to the princess's favour, her conquest appeared doubtful to him. Neadarné on the other side, notwithstanding her strong passion for Tanzai, and her innate virtue, she yet began to feel some little emotion. Shall she refuse him or not? Shall she return to her husband in the same condition in which she left him? Shall she employ Whifker's secret? Is there no other method of restoring her to what she once was, but the remedy proposed? Will it be possible for her to take it, without running any hazard? The genius is infinitely charming; and, to complete her misfortunes, he declares that she is dear to him: his tenderness is much more to be dreaded than his anger.

What

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What crime will she have committed, if submitting at last to necessity, her heart should approve, and acquiesce with it? Nature is very frail! Her situation is so very delicate! The unhappy Tanzai (sweet object of her love) pines for her in absence; he shudders at the bare thought of what will befall her: he possibly may have a suspicion of all that has passed. Alas! should Whisker's secret fail — And yet, it never can. As this fairy stood in need of her assistance, was it natural for that intelligence to impose upon her? But has not that prince, the cause of all her disquietudes, blindly given up his heart to Cucumber the fairy? Was he not, at first, so vain as to fancy that a goddess pined for his embraces? And tho' he were punished for his infidelity, still the crime was as effectually committed. At his return he endeavoured to impose upon her, by declaring, that the whole was a dream. Now, is he only to be allowed those visionary scenes? But suppose she should endeavour to pay him in the same coin; will it pass?

After all, what need she be concerned? And with what justice, guilty as he is, will he presume to reproach her with an involuntary fault, when his was a real one? Why did he join in embraces with Cucumber? This was the last reflection the princess made; and the remembrance of the injury which had been done her, gave her a glimpse of the necessary vengeance. How dangerous it is to injure a woman! 'Tis nevertheless certain, in the main, that whether she be injur'd or not, the consequence is often the same.

Jonquille, as the reader must have observ'd, was no loser by these reflections which the princess made in herself. He had watch'd her every motion; and the glance she last shot at him, as she finish'd her self-examination, inform'd him of the result of her thoughts. Tho' he had pretended ignorance (to the princess) with regard to the motive of her journey to his court, he yet had been told the whole affair by Cucumber, who, after expatiating on the beauties of the princess, whom she assur'd he should

shou'd enjoy, did not disguise or conceal the minutest circumstance in her adventure. Doubtless, the only reason why Jonquille oblig'd Neadarné to relate her own story, was, that he might be the better enabled to discover the disposition of her soul. Unaccustom'd to all the little delicacies of love, he at first flatter'd himself that he should be able to crown his fondest wishes, in spite of Neadarné's reluctance; but afterwards, her exquisite beauty, her virtue and modesty, inspir'd him with more extensive desires. The passion she entertain'd for another, serv'd only to invigorate that which fir'd his bosom. He imagin'd to himself an inexpressible pleasure in dispossessing Tanzai of a heart that was subject to him; and the more difficult his success appear'd, the more delightful were the thoughts of his triumph. And indeed, says he to himself, what pleasure wou'd it be to me, to possess a beautiful object, who, in the deepest affliction to see herself in my arms, would not breathe a single sigh, but what was the soft interpretation-

terpreter of her anguish ; who would reproach me for all my eager claspings, and who, distractedly fond of another, and tortur'd with the constraint she must necessarily put upon herself, would only lift up her enchanting Eyes (quite bath'd in tears) to express her indignation, and her utter abhorrence of me ? But, oh ! how different wou'd it be, to owe these rapturous moments to one's assiduities ; to create one's own felicity, and form that of a beloved object ; to enjoy her transports and confusion ; to hear her fondly sigh, I adore you ; to feel one's self clasp'd meltingly in her arms ; to bewilder one's soul with hers, to behold her (fainting away in the midst of these tumultuous pleasures) wholly lost to herself, and seeking again for you ! To be bless'd with the most rapturous caresses, and to read in her swimming eyes, the excess of her sensibility and love ! Oh, Neadarné ! what object but your self could dispence such charming delights ? How supreme would be my felicity, were it possible for me to inspire all the passion you your self raise !

What !

What! I shall see you folded in my arms, divested of that severe virtue which so cruelly opposes my love! Jonquille! ——— Oh! ——— He was dying away with excess of joy. But, adorable princess! turn not away those lovely eyes; let me intoxicate my self with the pleasure of being beheld by them. Alas! I read less anger there; but still, how strong is their Indifference!

Jonquille, during all this wonderful soliloquy, had fix'd his love-darting eyes on the princess, who, on the other side, did not shun his glances. That moment, a piece of music so exceedingly sweet was play'd, that her heart (now prepar'd for the softest impressions) was not able to resist it. Immediately the genius snatch'd her hand; he kiss'd it with so much rapture, that Neadarné, struck with the violence of his passion, almost squeez'd his. They both fell backwards in the box (which was very faintly illuminated) where they had seated themselves. Unluckily for the princess, a gauze-curtain screen'd them from
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the audience. Jonquille, in the highest transports, came forward. The most thrilling kiss, which he printed on Neadarné's lips, recovering her from this confusion, only plung'd her in a much greater. So long as this sweet distraction lasted, Jonquille amorously pressed the fair one's lips ; and at last grew so very boisterous, that Neadarné coming to herself, flung to the side of the box, and by that means rescued her virtue from the greatest danger to which it had ever been expos'd. Who would imagine, that a lady could be in so much jeopardy at an opera ? Jonquille, exasperated at so unexpected a return, appear'd again at Neadarné's side ; and both look'd so wildly, that all the courtiers cou'd not forbear smiling.

The princess, observing their malice, blush'd ; and was so much out of countenance, that had not the opera ended that moment, she wou'd certainly have left it. She was so prodigiously ashamed at the last adventure, that she made no answer to Jonquille, nor wou'd so much as look at him, not even in the gardens
whither

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whither he conducted Neadarné, to divert her with some fine fireworks he had order'd for that purpose——

Oh virtue! what then is thy empire!
If pleasure offend thee, if thou only
oughtest to fill the soul, either banish
far from it so incommodious a guest, or
cease to torture it with remorse!





CHAP. V.

The great Danger to which Fear exposes Women.

JOnquille, however, shew'd little experience, or great boldness, when he desir'd the princess, after what had happen'd at the opera, to strike into a thicket, in order to see the fireworks. Cou'd he justly flatter himself that she wou'd go? And yet she went along with him. Neadarné, indeed, was very much displeas'd to find the thicket so very gloomy, at a time when the other part of the garden was so strongly illuminated, that the spectator cou'd scarce believe what he saw, to be any other than the light of the sun.—Pray now, says she to the genius, is the place you are going to carry me, so dark as where we now are? We shall see the fireworks, says he, by that means, to much better advantage. I don't know that, answers Neadarné. You need not doubt it, madam, says he, this is prov'd physically. The princess argued

TANZAI and NEADARNE. 47

gued no longer, not knowing whether he said right or wrong ; but she was firmly determin'd to chastise his rashness, in case he shou'd presume to take advantage of the gloom which overspread the solitude they were then in. I shall be very glad, says she to herself, to shew him how prodigiously he is mistaken, in case he imagines that I shall comply with his wishes. He will find that, all lovely as he is, my virtue is still as powerful as his charms.

She was not quite fix'd in her resolution, when Jonquille begg'd her to repose herself on a bed of turf made softer by flowers ; this being the only kind of seat that thicket afforded. Neadarné sat down, when the genius, venting a deep sigh, laid himself by her. She was struck dumb ; and Jonquille, feeling an emotion which till then was unknown to him, did not know, at first, what to say. That love must be very strong, which inspires respect, and yet was of all kinds of love the most undesirable ; as well for the pleasure of a fond adorer, as for

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the satisfaction of the object of his affections. Such a love is never fortunate in its guesses ; never snatches the critical minute : for ever tender and troublesome it makes protestations of respect, on occasions in which it probably wou'd not be punished for violating its maxims. Tho' a lover shews the utmost condescension, what can that Woman do whom he addresses with the declaration of a pure, disinterested flame? Can she advise him to lay aside his reserve, or to claim a recompense from her, when he himself seems to run from it.

Jonquille was not a stranger to any of these things ; and had Neadarné, at her coming into the thicket, wore the same air she did at the conclusion of the opera, he would not have been so timorous. But she had since ruminated upon matters ; she now had reassum'd a severe specious countenance ; and he was afraid, that, should he be too urgent, she wou'd arm herself with such a severity, as it wou'd be very difficult for her to lay aside, after having so strongly display'd it. Notwithstanding
his

TANZAI *and* NEADARNE. 49

his great modesty, he yet had seized Neadarne's hand he sigh'd, and the princess, displeased at his still squeezing it, took occasion from thence to open the conversation.

Sir, says she to him, my hand is troublesome, and I am uneasy to see you hold it. Alas ! my princess, says he, do you envy me that satisfaction ? Tho' 'tis none to you, to me 'tis ecstasy ! If you will not indulge it to my love, can you refuse it to the veneration I bear you ? For, this is above all the powers of expression ; I no longer seem the man I was ; I, who always saw the most exquisite beauties with unconcern, who thought I did them honour in barely condescending to give them a look ; now, submissive at your feet, and fir'd with the strongest passions, I dare not presume to flatter myself with the hopes of being allowed the smallest favour. But, as tho' you did not punish me enough by your indifference, I must be the object of your hate. Your anger rises always with my fondness. Alas ! why did you visit the wretched Jonquille ? for till then, all his
days

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days were bless'd with peace. What do I say? Wherefore do I exclaim against a passion, which, tho' so very unhappy, does yet form my felicity? Oh? for pity's sake, give me one glance. 'Tis not an enemy who addresses you, 'tis a most tender, most passionate lover, who entirely devoted to you, in spite of all your rigours, would gladly blot all those years from his life, in which you were not the object of his adoration. Cruel creature! Is it me you ought to hate?——

Alas! I do not hate you, replies Neardarné, with a most melting voice: But is it in my power to love you? Is the heart you sue for at my disposal? Can it ever forget the manto whom it resigned all its powers? His image, his charming image! can it ever be erased from it? If your love be so violent, as you would make me believe, shew your generosity, destroy a fatal enchantment, and insist no longer on the odious submission to which you would have me stoop; this being granted, I then will confess that you really love me. I am sensible that what I now propose will cost you

no little struggles; but what man can boast of a soul so generous as yours? Thus! do you turn away your eyes; you sigh. Alas! have then my entreaties no power over you? I do sigh, (Neadarné) replied Jonquille; and this may justly be allow'd me, after what you have said. Nevertheless, 'tis not my ill fate that forces it from my bosom, but my absolute inability to grant your request. My power, which, on all other occasions, is unbounded, is in this confin'd to such narrow limits, as quite distracts me. Don't fancy that the violence of my passion is the motive of my refusal; for I swear by your enchanting person, (to me the dearest and most sacred treasure) that was it in my power to restore you, without the least return, what you have lost, you should be instantly gratified.

The genius utter'd these words with so melting a tone of voice, that the princess cou'd not doubt the truth of his protestations. As he spoke, he had insensibly drawn Neadarné's head nearer his mouth; she felt the melting tears bedew it; and these testimonies

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Jonquille gave of the sincerity of his love thrilling her very soul, she sigh'd, and her resolutions grew weaker. Oh Jonquille! Jonquille! says she to him, tho' I were to believe all you say, tho' I should be persuaded that the tears you shed are unfeign'd, still what wou'd this avail either of us? Why do you so strongly persist in endeavouring to move a heart, which is entirely devoted to another, that in spite of the melting pity you inspire it with, still this is not able to banish from it, a single moment, its first un sullied passion? I, nevertheless, believe it will be no crime to own, that had not my heart been preingag'd, it possibly might have been mov'd with your sighs: this confession, however, shall not draw on another; and tho' my virtue is exposed to much danger in this lonely place, yet my conduct shall be such, as never to raise a guilty blush. Neadarné, when she spake in this manner, had probably forgot her adventure at the opera; or else imagin'd, that provided a woman can but prevail with herself to deny the last favour all the preliminaries to it are venial.

Well

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Well, madam, resum'd the genius, let us wave this discourse: tho my love is to go unrewarded, I still will continue as assiduously as ever, to prove to you the sincerity of it. Possibly the fates may be so indulgent, as to revoke the decree which you consider as so dreadful. I dare not presume to flatter myself so far; however, will do whatever lies in my power. I shall not, at least, be the subject of your tears. Another genius, as powerful as myself, who shares in my functions, will doubtless be appointed to succeed me in what concerns the charming Neadarné. Oh Jonquille! cry'd the princess, you speak not of impossibilities: A cure can never be wrought upon me by any but yourself.

Had Jonquille been merely a polite prince, must he not have been indispensably oblig'd to thank the lovely charmer who had address'd these kind expressions to him; and indeed, Neadarne, who had let dropt these words, without imagining they would be attended with the least consequences, was prodigiously astonish'd, when Jonquille clasping her

her tenderly in his arms, (now bolder in proportion than he had before been submissive,) was going to indulge his fondest wishes. This situation perplex'd the princess so much more, as her soul, at that very instant, was mov'd to a prodigious decree, both with Jonquille's fondness, and the generosity he had shewn her. Nothing is so dangerous to tender-hearted women, as the melting condition in which Neadarné was at this juncture. The wretch, who, in this propitious moment, has the courage to urge his flame, extorts sometimes as much from their pity, as their lover obtains from their tenderness. The triumph on this occasion is not so grateful ; but then it amounts to very near the same. Besides, who knows but what they then call pity, may not be love ? In a state of so much tumult, are they able to tell what it is that influences them ? A coquet, indeed, would never be expos'd to such a tryal, for her soul is not capable of so soft an impression : none but women truly valuable are susceptible of it.

Neadarné, whose soul was of this cast, did not know what more to answer Jonquille. Irresolution prevailed for some time ; but at last, virtue return'd to her assistance, that all attempts to incline her to his wishes would be vain. How troublesome is a woman of virtue ! but one who meerly affects that character is much more so. The situation Jonquille was in at this time, really merited compassion : Neadarné, now offended at him, to prove it, gaz'd at the rockets which were beginning to play in the sky. He did not dare to approach her any more, Cucumber, who, unseen by Neadarné watched every thing that was doing, drew near to the genius ; and after chiding him for his impertinent fear, make use, says she, of the aid I will now give thee : fill up the measure of my vengeance, and compleat thy joys : observe carefully what I am going to do.

Assuming, the instant she had spoke, the figure of a large spider, she crept under the princess's robe : Neadarné no sooner felt her, but she set up a dreadful scream. Oh, sir ! says she
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to Jonquille, I am dying. Oh ! succour me ; deliver me, cries she, almost fainting. ——— Jonquille, persuaded that it would be very ridiculous for him to let slip this opportunity, sought for the frightful insect where it would naturally hide itself. 'Twas impossible for him to make this search, without getting a sight of beauties still more perfect than those his imagination had fram'd ; beauties, which would quite fade away in description, tho' Cupid himself were the painter. The delight this sight gave Jonquille, plung'd him into a sweet distraction which might have been fatal, had his flame burnt with less violence. This short suspension was not felt by the princess, who, still in a swoon, left him all the time Cucumber wanted, to compleat Tanzai's misfortune. And now Neadarne's enchantment was half broke, when she reviv'd : but the dread she had of the spider, was feint in comparison of that which seized her, when she saw Jonquille in her arms. He was not prepared for so sudden a recovery, so that she easily disengaged herself from him. Here Neadarne

was.

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was doubly unfortunate ; for had the scene lasted one instant longer, her disenchantment would have been completed without injuring her virtue : but she was too unskill'd in these matters, to continue spontaneously in the swoon so long as was requisite. False wretch ! says she to Jonquille, is this the effect of the excessive modesty and reserve thou boasted'st so much to me ? The genius was in such prodigious confusion, that he had not the power either to beg Neadaané's pardon, or to stop her when she was running out of the thicket. He was no less dilatory in resolving, whether it would be proper for him to allow her time to reflect on what had pass'd, or to pursue her : but at last he resolved upon the latter. The fire-works were still playing ; and by the light they universally diffus'd, spy'd Neadarné at a little distance from the thicket, leaning pensively against a statue, and in the attitude of one who is fix'd in mournful reflections. He was fallen prostrate at her feet before she perceiv'd him, when embracing 'em in the most fearful and
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suppliant maner, divine princess ! says he, behold the offender ! your anger is just, and I merit the most dreadful effects of your indignation ! leave me ! I neither ought, nor will I, ever behold or listen to thee more ! I am, repeated he, but too guilty. I might indeed tell you, that no man, in my situation, could possibly have been otherwise ; but I am but too sensible that my justification would be to no purpose, and that 'tis high time for me to rid you of an object that shocks so much your sight. I go : ——— But, condescend so far as sometimes to bewail the sad fate of the most tender lover that ever liv'd ; of a man, who, had his flame raged with less violence, would not have given you so much offence. ——— Jonquille, the moment he had utter'd these words, vanish'd from her sight.

Neadarné, still inflam'd with rage, did not attempt to stop him, but continu'd leaning against the statue. She imagin'd, that her hatred would never cease ; but finding, half an hour after, that the genius did not reappear, she began

TANZAI and NEADARNE. 59

ban to be very uneasy, she reflected on the motives of her journey, and tho' she exclaim'd against the nature of the remedy, she yet was but too sensible how necessary it would be to her. My prince! says she, my dear husband, sole object of my utmost fondness! you no doubt are so unjust, as to imagine that, plung'd at this very instant, in the most rapturous delights, false to thee and to our loves, if, clasp'd in the arms of another, I recall thy idea to my memory, 'tis only to heighten the triumph of the man who now enjoys me. Thou possibly art forming a resolution to hate me eternally, at a time when thy dear, dear self is the only cause of my distress! Oh too lovely Tanzai! receive my sighs: Alas! I yet have vented none but what were directed to thee. ——— But Jonquille, says she, recollecting herself, Jonquille is not yet return'd. Quite a stranger to these abodes, what will become of me! He indeed is criminal, but is his guilt of so black a dye? And considering the opportunity I gave him, could he possibly restrain himself? 'Tis my fear
I ought

I ought to accuse ; a fear so extream, that, spite of the confusion it so lately involv'd me in, the first spider would perhaps throw me in the like. Oh Jonquille, return if you still loved me, would not my bare desiring your presence bring you hither on the swiftest wings ? return, I forgive all that's past. These eager worlds were no sooner spoke but the genius revealed himself. Neadarné, the instant she saw him, discover'd her surprize by a shriek.

————— J onquille again begg'd her pardon for past transactions, and she, like a great lady, soon indulged it him ; when both shaping their way towards the palace, Jonquille did not dare all the way once to look at her, and she did not condescend to bless him with one single glance.

Many people have blam'd Neadarné more than Jonquille, on this occasion. According to these, the fair-one herself gave a sanction to the genius's rudeness, by her exposing him to such a temptation as it was impossible for man to resist. This may demand more than one reflection ; and before we absolutely

TANZAI and NEADARNÉ. 61

condemn Neadarné, the whole adventure ought first to be judged by some beauty, who having an inveterate aversion to spiders, would be so ingenuous as to declare whether she herself, in the like circumstances, would have catch'd the ugly insect; or whether, were a lover (who had suffered by her rigours) lying by her side, she would not have begg'd him to seize it.



E **CHAP.**



* C H A P. XV.

Which prepares to mighty Things.

BY the modesty of Neadarné, and Jonquille's fearfulness, both were made to act a very foolish part; 'twas the more silly, as they must necessarily lay it aside, and as all ceremonies are ridiculous, when of no use: for if the reader will suffer me to make one plain reflection, she either wou'd, or would not be disenchanted. In case she were satisfied with her metamorphosis, or at least would submit to it with patience, to what purpose did she visit Jonquille? and since she had sought that prince, why did she not terminate matters with him? But decency, it will be objected, obliged her to make some struggles; and then, this Jonquille, whom she is ordered to address about so uncommon a case, was one she had never set eyes on; had she but some little acquaintance with him
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it would have been tolerable. Besides, he wants to win her inclinations ; 'tis her heart he attacks, and he would fix a thing that is for ever in motion : a woman can't save herself at less expence ; and tho' she should have half a mind to surrender, ought she to do it at the first onset ? We may venture to assert, that this last thought did not a little employ the mind of Neadarne ; and this we could easily account for, were it not already done in another part of this book.

Jonquille, who was not very much mistaken in his conjectures with regard to the impulses which actuated the princess, quite tir'd with her long resistance, and not doubting but that she would arm herself with severity, in proportion to the warmth he should know, resolv'd to appear less passionate, and to wait till necessity should inspire Neadarne with such a resolution, as might suit with his desires. It cost him no little struggles before he could prevail with himself to assume an air of indifference. The new charms which the princess involuntarily revealed to

him in the thicket, had inflam'd his wishes; but the more they rag'd, the more he thought himself oblig'd to dissemble on this occasion, to give him the better opportunity of satiating them. He knew the heart of woman; and was certain, that by shocking Neadarné's vanity, he should oblige her to go greater lengths than she herself intended.

Upon this maxim, as he conducted her back to the palace, he affected to make his excuses with an air of stiffness, which that lover does not assume who endeavours to justify himself to his mistress; and vow'd (in so ironical a tone) to have an eternal veneration for Neadarné, that she began to think Jonquille had probably found some reasons to make him so reserv'd. This reflection chagrin'd her so, that she was very cold in her answers to the genius, and still more so, when he did not complain of it: upon which Jonquille, without seeming to take notice of this, resolv'd to go away now she was return'd to her apartment; and accordingly left it with an air of so much indifference, that she, for once, gave a loose

loose to indignation. She was surrounded with the prince's courtiers; but these could not afford her the least diversion. Altho' the genius's late rude attempt had exasperated her to a great degree, she yet had been in no manner of doubt but that his passion was increas'd: she called to mind his transports before the affair of the spider; and then, the comparison of these, with his insulting coldness, filled her with inexpressible tortures: Heavens! says she to herself, to be despis'd to such a degree! to see so many desires die away, after an opportunity that ought naturally to have given them fresh vigour! What then can be the cause of so sudden an indifference? But, after all, why should I be offended at his disdain? Is it not very happy for me that I no longer please him? doubtless this only will give me an opportunity of not offending Tanzai. Ah Whisker! Whisker! how greatly you was mistaken in imagining that my visit to the genius would expose me to so much danger; and of how little advantage will your secret be now to me!

She was still fix'd in thought when Jonquille return'd to the apartment. Other reflection had since occur'd to his mind. He consider'd that he had sufficiently humbled the princess; and that shou'd he suffer her indifference to increase, it at last might rise to aversion. Tho' he were not sure she loved him, he knew certainly that he was not the object of her hatred. 'Twould be proper for him to cherish these favourable dispositions; and he had not yet insinuated himself far enough into her affections, for him to carry on this simulative and artful behaviour without endangering the success of his passion. None but happy lovers may, with any safety, put on disdainful airs: and besides, he began to be sure of his conquest; at least, he might be as bold as he pleased in his attempts. Jonquille was not insensible that, after the scenes which had passed between them, Neadarné would no longer make so much resistance; that the liberties he had taken with her would smoothen the way to greater; and that when once a woman has been prevailed upon to grant

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certain things, she had no right to take offence when her lover presses again for them.

Jonquille therefore came up to the princess with a very affectionate air. She did not expect to see him so passionate; and notwithstanding the virtuous scruples that still labour'd in her bosom, she yet was not displeased to find herself mistaken in her conjectures. I don't, says he, make any apologies for my leaving you so abruptly; nor do I find that you reproach me for it. I imagin'd, says Neadarné, you had your reasons for it. How easily, says he, madam, do you justify me. You wou'd not, says the princess, have me look upon you as guilty, when you are really otherwise? That wou'd be very unjust in me. I wou'd have you so, on this occasion, says Jonquille; such an injustice would prove the sensibility of your heart; and the more criminal you appeared to me, the more I shou'd be satisfied. I did not suppose, reply'd Neadarné, that you were desirous of having me consider you in a guilty light; and if, to satisfy you, you want only to be chid, my memory will fur-

nish too many subjects for it. Now we are upon that topic, replies Jonquille, I am very much out of my conjectures, or I surely made more apologies than were necessary. I cannot deny my being in the wrong, but 'twas impossible I could be otherwise; and, I am greatly mistaken, or I should have appeared much more guilty in your eyes, had I been less so. ——— How many things, madam, should I have lost for ever! how many graces, how many charms, had I forever kept at an awful distance! No, says he, your beauties are not to be parallel'd. Cease, says she blushing, these encomiums; suffer me to forget, and do you yourself obliterate what I can never prevail with myself to pardon, so long as we both shall remember it. But are you really, continues Jonquille, as averse to me as ever? How wretched will you make me, if I may not be allow'd to hope that your rigours will cease! and, much happier had been my lot, if I am to be the eternal object of your hatred, had I not known the beauties you command me never

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to mention ! But it will be impossible for me to erase them from my mind ; for ever thinking of the fond moment (which, had it not been for your rigours, would have been so blissful) by recollecting the pleasures it gave me, I shall incessantly upbraid you for those your cruelty made me lose. — Says Neadarné, smiling, if you do not amplify, what you really enjoy'd, and what was wanting to compleat your happiness, you then will have nothing more to desire. I don't amplify, princess, reply'd Jonquille with great warmth ; and my imagination doubtless falls far short of the felicity to which you are capable of raising me ; consent therefore, fairest of the creation ! to make me happy.

———— That, I shall never consent to, reply'd Neadarne. ——— Let me, says he, proceed without your consent. That would be much worse, reply'd the princess ; were this to be, you would be no ways obliged to me ; whereas I, at least, shou'd desire that.

———— But why do I perplex myself about this matter ? 'Twill be much

better for you not to be in the least oblig'd to me ; and by that means you'll be less ungrateful.—— I an ingrate ! say he ; Ah madam ! did you but know how much your kindness would improve my love, you would indulge it me entire.—— I have already told you, replied the fair-one, in a soft tone of voice, that I love another ; what then would you have me give you ? Whatever, reply'd Jonquille, the fates require you to indulge me, I would desire you yourself to bestow ; and I would not be so far disgrac'd as to be forc'd to thank them for a happiness, for which I wou'd be oblig'd to dear Neadarné only.—— Well ; we'll see, says the princess, (confus'd with this subject) but not a word more ; I never will, nor ought to foresee any consequences.

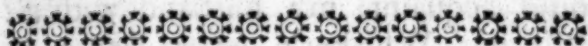
Neadarné, having done speaking, was going to take up a lute that lay in the salon, resolved to play an air, imagining she had gain'd a mighty victory in silencing Jonquille. On the other side, the prince was preparing to listen to the sounds, highly satisfy'd that he
had

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had made her easy with regard to the power of her charms; and especially, that he had been allowed to talk on the adventure of the thicket, without giving offence. Neadarne then touch'd the strings, but so very tenderly, and accompanied the breathing sounds with so ravishing a voice, that Jonquille was ready to melt. Cormorant was in such an extasy, that he could not forbear confessing, that the harmony of his sackbut and dulcimer was vastly inferior to that of the lute, when touch'd with such excessive delicacy, sweetness and truth.

The supper interrupted these pleasures, and furnish'd those of another kind. Neadarné, who now commanded as queen, would have Cormorant sit at table with them; to which, the genius being desirous to please her in all things, readily consented. Cormorant having a great deal of wit, tho' of a peculiar cast, was vastly entertaining. Neadarné, now beginning to be diverted with this kind of wit, and endeavouring to blot out the thoughts of her present condition, answered him
very

very happily in the same way : when Jonquille beginning to talk in the same strain, they employ'd such prodigiously refin'd expressions, and such very singular thoughts, that, before supper was half over, not one of them understood the rest. Tho' the princess used her utmost endeavours to lengthen the rapast, it ended at last ; and after a game at piquet, which Jonquille was so gracious to allow her, he led her to her apartment ; when promising to wait upon her very soon, he left the princess in the hands of her female attendants, commanded them to be expeditious, and to put Neadarné in such a condition, as might enable her to correspond with his eager wishes.



* CHAP. XVI.

The Princess's Distraction.

NEadarné shudder'd on entering into this fatal chamber. It was no longer in her power to delay the danger ; she saw it near at hand ; the genius was just upon his return ; she was sensible, to her sorrow, that she did not hate him, and was the more apprehensive because he banish'd from her mind the thoughts of Tanzai, whenever that prince appeared before her to the greatest advantage. Whatever love she had for her spouse, she could not help being sensible of Jonquille's charms, and his superiority every way over the prince of Chechian. Sometimes she would think, she ought to submit quietly to her condition, since nothing could save her from it ; but virtue getting again the upper hand, made her reject this opinion : however, she would frequently give way to it with pleasure. Suppose I do

do, said the princess to herself, who could acquaint my husband with it? Will not Whisker's secret secure me from his suspicions? But, tho' I should be able to conceal my shame from him, can I be ignorant of it myself? And will not an eternal remorse punish me for my crime? My crime! recollecting herself, did I seek to commit it? Is it not an oracle that sends me hither? Exposed a prey to the desires of the genius, cannot I be delivered up to them, without sharing in his transports? And if I should share in them, would it be my fault? Am I answerable for the dictates of nature? Is her sensibility owing to me?

If the soul ought to be independent of the sensations of the body, why were not their functions distinguished? Why are the organs of the one the organs of the other? And why have the senses of the one any influence on the other? Ah! undoubtedly, nature has no hand in these capricious subtleties, but we owe wholly to prejudice such frivolous distinctions.

If

If there were actually any reality in these distinctions, the sensations of the body, submissive to our wills, and dependant upon them, would not get the better of us. Why is not that light, which enables us to distinguish good and evil, sufficiently powerful to guide and direct us ? Of what advantage to me is the discernment with which it endues me, if leaving me still the liberty of chusing, its impulse is not sufficient to determine my choice ? And if this choice is in my power, why am I obliged to feel any remorse for it ? No, the gods are not so unjust, to punish us for a crime which they could have prevented. Since they are the authors of nature, undoubtedly they must know her power : they shou'd have infused into that divine ray, an internal power, against which all our efforts would have been vain.

Our duty then would have been confounded with our inclinations ; this salutary tyranny would have rendered us more perfect, and more worthy of being their handywork. Were they afraid, that when we were enlighten'd

we

we should come too near to their perfection? Or were they willing to reserve to themselves the cruel pleasure of calling us to an account for those very faults, which they made inseparable from our being?

But what do I say? wretch that I am! And whence proceeds my being so averse to comply with Jonquille? If they had not supported me, wou'd he now have had any thing to desire? The love I bear to Tanzai, as violent as it is, would not alone have caused me so much anxiety. Ah! the gods enlighten more than we imagine; if we were mindful of that secret voice that speaks within us, if we did not even silence it, our inclinations would at once be determined, and we should not feel so many struggles within us, if this voice were not so powerful.

But, after all, what is this genius to me? And tho' I should yield to his desires, cannot I, wholly taken up with my spouse, entertain my thoughts entirely with his passion? Alas! does not our minds wander? And, notwithstanding

standing my virtue, was not I very near being overcome? Did I see Jonquille? or did I think on my husband? was I not even lost myself? Who can answer for me that my mind will not wander again? I tore myself away indeed from the danger, but how great efforts did it cost me? The disorder of my mind, the pleasure which got entire possession of my senses, these confus'd emotions, don't they all tell me what I have to fear? And whom do I strive against there? The most amiable of the genius's! Ah! let me endeavour to banish the thoughts of him; let me shut my eyes against his merit: what would a pleasure avail me, which would cost me so many tears! And, what is it to that satisfaction without allay, that never leaves us, when we have done nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves?

Whilst Neadarné was making these reflections, or others not unlike them, her woman had undress'd her: she had nothing on but a light gown, which they were going to take off with design to put her to bed when she ordered her women to retire. They

re-

represented to her respectfully, that it was necessary she get into bed ; she answer'd, throwing herself upon a couch, that she wou'd not ; and shew'd so much obstinacy upon that head, that at last her women withdrew. They were hardly got out, before she ran to shut all the chamber-doors.

She imagined herself very safe from Jonquille, and was returning back to her couch, when she perceived, close by her, the genius, against whom she had taken so many precautions. She was the more terrify'd thereat, because she saw herself in a condition, wherein it would be very difficult to defend herself against him ; and she very much doubted, that if he should use violence nobody would come to her assistance.

What ! madam, said he, (seeing she was setting herself in order upon the couch) always' precautions against me ! And you, answered the princess, do you intend always to persecute me ? You give but a coarse name, resum'd he, to my intentions ; you know that I desire only to serve you, and you requite my zeal very ill. That zeal,
reply'd

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reply'd she, is to me very suspicious ; and you have shewn me too much love, for me not to detest the source of it. I have no more to say to you, madam, replies Jonquille : I could indeed repeat to you, that even for your own interest, you ought to treat me with less rigour ; but you consult that so little, that undoubtedly you would not be ruled by me. Enjoy then the pleasure you find in your severity, and the charms of your condition ; and let the happy Tanzai, in finding you again so faithful, hug himself on beholding you anew, and imitate your example, if ever his propitious destiny leads him again into the arms of Cucumber.

Here the princess grew very attentive, and knit her brows a little. I no longer mention my love to you, continu'd Jonquille ; by a caprice which I cannot account for, the more affection I express for you, the more aversion you shew to me. Would you have liked it better, if, exerting the privilege of my employment, I had treated you like an ordinary woman ?

Why

Why no, said the princess, more mildly. It is my respect then, pursu'd Jonquille, which has been prejudicial to me; and I should have got the better of your haughty pride, if I had not shewn so much regard for it. I endeavour to render your condition less distasteful to you: I think, that since you must yield at last, it would be better for you that you do it with less reluctance; and this procedure, without which, any other than you would doubtless be touch'd, is what offends you. Ah princess! added he, sitting down upon the couch, I deserv'd less Injustice, and more complaisance.

Here Neadarne began to be in reserve. I dare aver, resum'd Jonquille, that if you could have been moved with any thing, you would have been affected with my love, and would not have opposed it with so cruel an ingratitude. Not, continued he, laying his hand softly upon the princess's knee, not that I think I have deserved any recompence of you, but you will grow weary of the condition to which

Cucum-

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Cucumber has reduced you : I shall not be permitted to see you again, and the genius, of whom I made mention a-while ago, will have the advantage of rendering you that service which you will have refused from me.

At these words, the princess looked upon him a considerable time, cast down her eyes again, and sigh'd mournfully ; whilst Jonquille advancing farther on the couch, and taking her by the hand, thus pursu'd his discourse ; if you hated me less, you would not, without horror, see yourself obliged to have recourse to another, who, less sensible than me, will make you perhaps repent you have refused my assistance. I don't even wish to have this consolation ; I could not have it but at your expence, and I had rather be depriv'd of it for ever.

At this so tender discourse, Neadarné squeez'd Jonquille's hand which had hold of hers, and the genius advancing by little and little, with the other, which he had at first laid upon the princess's knee, had trespass'd so far, and so indiscreetly, that she would have been

been highly offended, if she had not at that instant been buried in a most profound study. Ah princess! said Jonquille, with a voice interrupted with sighs, how transporting would it be to me to see you make a suitable return to my passion! my sentiments are deserving of so great a happiness. But this so charming mouth, added he, pressing her lips with ardour, and your eyes are equally speechless. I should be in the wrong, however, to importune you for an answer; it could not be so favourable to me as your silence.

The reader may have observ'd that in proportion as Jonquille spoke, he advanced upon Neadarné's couch, and that, so happily, and with so little regard, that at last he shared it with her, and had taken advantage of her absence of thoughts, to attempt yet greater liberties. She recover'd at last from her resverie, at his last incroachment; but the genius had concerted his measures so well, that whatever efforts

Nea-

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Neadarné used, they were of no service to her.

She had scarce been make sensible that all her struggling was in vain, before she begg'd Jonquille in the most suppliant terms, not to push his attempts any farther ; but the genius at that moment, as absent in thought as she had been herself before, made no other answer to her entreaties, but by more vigorous efforts. Upon this she began again to strive ; but she found that the most rigid virtue may struggle, but is not always sure to overcome.

The obstacles the genius opposed to her flight, and his raptures, at last, excited her fury. Barbarian ! cry'd the princess, Ah tray——! Here the most grievous cries put a stop to her complaining ; and by the pain she suffer'd in being disenchanting, it was her own fault, if she did not judge of the force of the enchantment. The affront she had suffered, and her resistance, had overwhelmed her with pain and fatigue, and made her fall into a sort of trance, which left her not strength

strength to make the genius feel the violence of her anger ; and, at the same time, spared her the displeasure of being a witness to his extasies. Jonquille, the victorious Jonquille, far from offering to assist her, enjoy'd at leisure the charms of his triumph.

This haughty beauty whom he ador'd, was at last become a prey to his desires ; he fix'd upon her his ardent looks ; he almost smother'd her with caresses ; and asking pardon in the most passionate terms, he was going, no doubt, to repeat his insults, when a deep sigh inform'd him that Neadarné was beginning to recover her senses. Hereupon he thought it would be more decent, that the princess, on opening her eyes, shou'd find him at her feet ; and, accordingly, he prostrated himself before her in admiration of her transcendent charms.

The disorder into which he had put her, render'd her yet more lovely ; the tears trickled down from her beautiful eyes, which were still half shut ; but, at last, she open'd them. The condition wherein she found herself, redoub-

redoubled her tears, and gave fresh strength to her indignation : she started up in a fury, and running to the doors to get out, her despair increased, when she found it was not in her power to fly from the genius, whom she abhorr'd. Ah monster ! cry'd she, monster, not fit to live ! dare you again appear before my face ! dare you detain me—— !

In order to explain well the princess's anger, and relate here all that she said to Jonquille, one must have been in the same situation ; we leave it therefore to our female readers, to fill up this place ; and shall only add, that Neadarné, by her continual invectives and reproaches to the genius, quite exhausted all her spirits. This was what Jonquille had foreseen ; wherefore, with a hypocritical countenance, he waited patiently till she had done.

Well, madam, said he, when he saw she had done railing, will you always punish me for my zeal ? And will you perpetually set yourself to prevent its having any good effects ? Is it decreed

F that

that you shall never consent to that disenchantment which is so absolutely necessary for you? Ah traitor! cry'd she, would to heaven that I were still in a condition to wish it! If that is all the reason you have to hate me, resum'd he, you may honour me with more favourable thoughts. Whatever you may have imagin'd, whatever you may even have felt, you are in the same state as you were in before, neither can you ever be extricated from perplexity, without a formal consent on your part: but I did not tell you this at first, because I would have been indebted to you alone for the pleasure of seeing you voluntarily in my arms.

Perhaps you don't believe me; and being so much exasperated against me as you are, you even reproach yourself for giving ear to me; but it is very easy for you to satisfy yourself, that what I advance is not false: as for the rest, I don't pretend to constrain you to any thing; you are at your own liberty to stay, or go; tho' I may thank you for the one, you shall not see me afflict myself for the other.

Whilst

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Whilst the genius said thus, Neadarné; no matter how, perceived that in effect her disenchantment was not real. She could not blame Whisker's secret for this, because she had not pronounced the three words of which it consisted; and she fell into a new perplexity, when she could no longer doubt of the necessity of allowing all to Jonquille, or of being unable ever to grant any thing to her spouse. In short, madam, resum'd the genius, the night slips away, and you don't resolve upon any thing.

She was just going to answer him, when a genius of Jonquille's court appear'd. My Lord, said he, may it please your clemency to forgive me for coming to disturb your repose; but two ladies, with whom the princess alone can vie for beauty, are just arriv'd in your isle; they employ your assistance so earnestly, and their ailments require such an immediate cure, that I thought it my duty to inform you of the pleasures that wait your acceptance.

'Tis enough, Topaz, said Jonquille, retire; and princess, added he to Neadarné, shall I hasten to these unfortunate beauties, or will you fix me here? 'Tis in your own power to decide which, and to second the inclination which devotes me to your charms. Topaz, perhaps, will return immediately, said Neadarné: Is that the only fear you are at present troubled with, replies Jonquille? She smiled. Jonquille, satisfied with this tacit consent, took her in his arms, carried her to that very bed, where she believed she should never have enter'd; but at that very instant, her virtue and scruples both banish'd from her thoughts, both gave place, with a sigh, to the most extatic pleasures.



CHAP. XVII.

*Which will teach Prudes that
some Opportunities are very dan-
gerous*

IF it is highly flattering to a man's vanity, to triumph over a haughty beauty, it must likewise be own'd, that its costs an infinite deal of pains and assiduities to arrive at that happiness. One thing that is very surprizing, is, that since women know they must yield, they have not thought proper to retrench all useless ceremonies. There are indeed certain coxcombs in the world, who aver, they never met with any resistance; but it is no less true, that they lye abominably. These fellows will often brag of having obtain'd favours, where they have been used with the utmost contempt. Fortunately, for the woman, this is of no ill consequence; and honest men don't find themselves obliged to a jot the less

courtship. One day, perhaps, the fair sex will think better, or worse: I say, worse; for Jonquille would have had less pleasure, if Neadarné had been less untractable.

Digressions apart. He had prevailed so far (as all the world knows at present) as to enjoy her with her own consent. Any other but the princess would not have revoked her word; but she was endued with a virtue that had never done with its punctilio's; and Jonquille's foolish delicacies gave her room continually to invent new scruples. Whatever has been said, that genius was not so artful in his way of addressing as he had been represented. Not to mention his asking Neadarné leave to carry her to bed; such a favour is, at least, worth the asking: nevertheless there are some occasions, when it is better breeding, and the safest way to say nothing. Virtue is never more ceremonious, than when you give it time to be so; and it is not handsome to oblige a fair-one to refuse those liberties, she would willingly suffer to be taken,

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taken, if the lover once bethought himself of using that method.

Jonquille, tho' very amorous, begg'd the princess to permit him to approach her ; and she did not fail immediately to desire he would desist. He took pet at this unjust refusal ; but reflecting at last upon his over-sight, he drew near her without any more ceremony ; and by thus exerting his authority, put her to such a stand, that she durst not say a word. He then ventur'd to call her by all those endearing names that are in vogue among people who are perfectly well with one another ; and if she did not return them, at least, she was not angry with him for using them. Then, like a man who knew the value of every advance, he took her in his arms, clasp'd her therein with transports, and by caresses tim'd very opportunely, gave her insensibly such a lively taste of pleasure, that she had no longer room for any other thought.

At last, the amorous Jonquille, rewarded for his delicacy, receiv'd as much pleasure as he gave ; and saw his princess, intoxicated with extasy, abandon

herself freely to the pains he took for her disenchantment, and give a loose to love. He was still afraid of a vexatious relapse ; and, in order to prevent it, rightly judged, he must not leave the princess time for reflection, but must avoid giving her any respite.

This stratagem had the desired effect, and a whim of Neadarné's render'd the success compleat : she took it in her head to fancy Jonquille resembled Tazai ; and wondering greatly within herself, that this likeness had not struck her sooner, she gave way to her error, and through her love for the prince, left the ardour of the genius nothing to desire. Charming discourse, tender caresses, ardent sighs, voluptuous transports, resignation of herself to his will, nothing was wanting to compleat his happiness.

As great an enchanter as he was, he was obliged, after having laid his spell upon the princess for a considerable time, to give his charm a little repose. Neadarné, when she came to herself, was fully sensible what she had lost, which filled her mind with melancholy thoughts : she no longer troubled her
head

head about her disenchantment ; she then saw it was the will of heaven it should be reserv'd for Jonquille : it was a done thing ; and she was entirely resign'd to it. She even ceased to reproach herself for her infidelity, and found as good reasons to authorize it, as she had before to refuse compliance.

After all, had she ceas'd adoring the prince ? And was not her having fancy'd Jonquille like him, an effect of the most ardent passion ? What disturb'd her the most, was, her being uncertain of the efficacy of Whisker's secret : Cou'd she ever have a better opportunity of trying it ? resolved absolutely to know what she had to trust to, she would have pronounced the mysterious words : unluckily she forgot them ; and Jonquille had put her thoughts into such a confusion, that she imagin'd a long while, she should never recollect them. It was impracticable to get up and look for the paper where they were written. What would Jonquille have thought ? he would not have fail'd seeing what it
was ;

was ; and if she had absolutely lost it, which way could she appear again before Tanzai ?

Whilst she was in this perplexity, Jonquille, ready to renew the charm, came to press her again, and put her to a stand : fortunately for her, she remember'd just then, that she had laid her pockets under the bolster : she turned about sily, took the secret, and made use of it so a-propos, that Jonquille fancy'd her more enchanted than ever, complain'd of it, and thank'd her for her complaisance. He did not fail ascribing such an uncommon event to Cucumber ; and the more he suspected her of having a mind to render the princess's misfortune eternal, the more he strove officiously to remove it.

Neadarné, who (whatever the genius had said of his sensibility) did not expect such strong repeated proofs of a most ardent affection, knew not what return to make : to complain of it, would shew too much ingratitude ; to let him discover it any more, would
be

be being too wanting in her duty to Tanzai. It was somewhat odd she should make this last reflection ; but women are very scrupulous ; and Neadarné, thinking she had done enough for the prince, reproached herself with whatever she allow'd more. She was going then to beg the genius to set some bounds to his generosity, when a second reflection (there is no end of making them, when once one has begun) determin'd her otherwise.

She had no longer any room to doubt of the efficacy of Whisker's secret ; but that fairy had told her, it might be repeated as often as she pleas'd ; and if that should not be true, and she had made use of it too precipitately, in what a fury would Tanzai be ? It was necessary therefore, to the end she might no longer doubt of Whisker's sincerity, she should hear what Jonquille would say upon that head. For this time, she had all the reason in the world to be satisfy'd. The genius spoke advantageously of the new difficulties he met with ; that for fear he should
 sus-

pect the cause, she congratulated him upon the miracle, and ascrib'd it wholly to him: but, how much soever this flatter'd his vanity, he deny'd it with all the modesty imaginable, and persisted in giving the honour to her alone. A contest, so civil, could not be ended presently; and how obliging soever the princess was, Jonquille maintain'd his assertion so stiffly, and with so much eagerness, that she was forced to take it all upon herself.

In the mean while the night slipp'd away; when Neadarné, who had sufficiently try'd her secret, and had no longer any thing to desire on her own account, imagin'd herself oblig'd to think on Cormorant, but knew not how to go about his deliverance. Jonquille did not seem to her in the humour to fall asleep very quietly; and she fancy'd it impossible to make use of the slipper as long as he was awake.

Sir, said Neadarné, in four hours I must be gone; and I should be glad to dedicate the rest of the night to sleep: I dare promise myself from your com-
plai-

plaisance. — The sooner you must be gone, answer'd Jonquille, interrupting her, the less you ought to expect from me the complaisance you desire ; I should not deserve the happiness of possessing you, if I should neglect it to such a degree : I will shew you that I am worthy of it ; if you would promise me, however, that I shall see you again ——— I, interrupted she hastily in her turn, ah ! Sir, you don't hope it sure ! and I can't conceive how you dare make me such a proposal. I imagin'd, answered he, that without any failure in respect, I might offer it, and that we had been well enough together here, for you to look upon me at least as an acquaintance. And it is directly for that very reason, reply'd Neadarné, that I ought to avoid you, Sir, of all people upon earth : the love I bear Tanzai, and my duty, will not even allow me so much as to think on you, Hitherto I am not criminal in the least : the gods, in commanding me to come and seek you, have taken my fault upon themselves : but I should

should deserve both their anger, and my husband's disdain, if I should ever recal you to my remembrance with pleasure.

When I ask'd you this permission, princess, resum'd Jonquille, it was because I was willing to be indebted to you for all my happiness: if you knew well my power, you would not doubt, but in spite of all your denials, I could visit you whenever I had a mind to it, and even obtain from your tender affection all the favours you reserve for Tanzai. Having it in my power to assume his form, it is in his shape you shall see me; and you shall never know whether it is to him or me you gave up your charms.

Oh! good gods! what punishment! cry'd the princess. She would, no doubt, have afflicted herself highly, if the genius, finding her in such a melancholy disposition, had not thought himself obliged to remove it. Neardarné, quite fatigu'd with his raptures, would willingly have avoided them; but as she had been the victim of her
love

love to Tanzai, she was obliged to be so likewise to her regard for Whisker: it was necessary to entice the genius to sleep, otherwise she could not deliver Cormorant.

For the very same reason, she made use again of her secret; an easy victory would have cost Jonquille less pains; and it was necessary to bring the slipper in play. At last, the time for using it came. The genius, in spite of himself, and even whilst he was saying the tenderest things in the world to Neadarné, felt his eyes begin to close. The princess immediately made him kiss the slipper; and plung'd him into a most profound sleep; after which getting hastily out of bed, she dress'd herself with the utmost expedition.

She was so intent upon it, that she did not at first perceive that the cloaths, she was putting on, were not the same she brought with her into the island. The amorous genius, who was willing Neadarné should carry away with her some marks of his magnificence, had let nothing be wanting to render those,
Nea-

Neadarné was putting on against her will, infinitely rich, and worthy of the beauty who was to wear them. Her unwillingness to be dress'd in them, might proceed from more than one cause : she could not, with those cloaths, tell the prince, she had been only in a dream ; and she could not imagine how to deceive him upon that head.

But, notwithstanding the uneasiness these new cloaths gave her, she could not refuse Jonquille the esteem his noble behaviour deserved. She approach'd the bed where he lay sleeping so soundly ; she view'd him a considerable time, and could not help being mov'd with his beauty : farewell ! said she to him, with a sigh, farewell, lovely genius ! may thy days glide away in continual pleasures ! and may'st thou for ever forget the unfortunate Neadarné ! may she herself be able to forget thee ! Nay, she would have thought herself too happy, to have had it in her power to return thy passion ; and thou
would'st

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would'st not have got the start of her, had her heart and her hand been at her own disposal. Farewell! she cannot contribute in the least to thy felicity: vouchsafe never to trouble her repose. Having thus said, she kiss'd him softly on the forehead, and tore herself from him with a reluctance, which she was sensible was injurious to her virtue.





CHAP. XVIII.

In which the Reader will find a great many Particulars, he long before expected.

THE princess, arm'd with the slipper, pass'd through all the apartments of the palace, unseen by any one. The sun was by this time risen. As she had no opportunity of acquainting Cormorant with her design, she was afraid 'twould be long before she could find him; and that, should the genius awake in the mean time, he would frustrate all her measures. Happily, she was not obliged to go far in search of him. Cormorant being tortur'd with his misfortunes, so far from getting a wink of sleep, was musing pensively on the terras. Neardarné revealing herself to him, let us lose no time, says she; fly from your captivity; come to the arms of a fairy who

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who adores you ; and there secretly receive a recompence for all your sufferings. Princess, cry'd Cormorant, is it possible for Whisker still to bestow a thought upon me ! Never doubt it, prince, reply'd Neadarné ; yes, her heart is so strongly prepossess'd in your favour, that she pines no less in absence than you do. Does she still continue under the form of a mole ? says he. How greatly, says he, did I fear that the barbarous Jouquille had her in his power ! fly both of you, says she, immediately from his rage : come and enjoy a more happy lot, and restore her to that delightful form which inspir'd you with so fond a passion. But are you still possess'd of the fairy's slipper ? I am, reply'd Cormorant ; but tho' I have had it these ten years I yet have not had an opportunity of once looking upon it : employ'd, either in whirling about, or in otherwise diverting the genius, I either have not had time, or did not dare to give it even a single kiss, lest Jonquille should discover the treasure I possess, and so again rob me
of

of it. Do you know the virtue of it? reply'd Neadarné. I do not, says Cormorant; pray inform me of it. 'Twill render the possessor of it, says she, invisible. Alas! says he, why did I not know this before; what numberless evils should I thereby have escap'd! perhaps, says she, it might have been of no use to you; the gods, no doubt, decreed that you should pine away ten years in misery; and if so, all your endeavours to escape your lot, during that time, would have been fruitless. Bnt let us end this subject; still dread Jonquille's anger; for should he awake, you are undone. Take therefore your slipper and follow me. I am then, says Cormorant, obliged to the genius for my freedom? No, no, replies the princess, I in vain conjur'd him to set you at liberty. By the way, says he, has a cure been wrought upon you? Not a word of that says, she; be sure you don't let drop one indiscreet expression in the place whither I am going to carry you; and farther assert resolutely, in case it be necessary, that I

was but a moment or two with the genius, and that in your presence ; otherwise you ruin me. I will one day inform you of the reasons which make it absolutely necessary for you either to keep a profound silence on that head, or to corroborate all I shall say. Cease all your fears, princess, says he ; I swear to you an inviolable fidelity.

Immediately he drew the slipper out of his pocket, and following the princess, both pass'd through the guards unperceived. They came to the harbour, without meeting with a single obstacle ; then going on board one of Jonquille's small ships, they sail'd from the Island ; but Neadarné could not forbear gazing often at (and with some little concern) that part of the palace in which she had left the genius. Let no one censure her for this ; she had so eminently display'd her virtue, that she might justly indulge herself in so small a satisfaction ; and the least Neadarné could do, in return for Jonquille's favours, was to leave him with some regret.

regret. 'Twas not that she lov'd him, but she could not, with Justice, accuse him for any of the scenes which had pass'd between them, and was obliged to consider him as her deliverer. All ideas of this kind faded from her memory the instant she came on shore. She found her attendants in the place where she had commanded them to wait; when Cormorant and Neadarné getting together into her sedan, they travelled towards the Blue City, her mind being wholly employ'd on the prodigious pleasure she should taste on meeting again with her dear Tanzai.

She was no longer in pain about Whisker's secret; the tryal she had made of it with Jonquille would no longer suffer her to doubt but that the prince might be deceived in it. Neadarné, even before she left the genius's palace, had repeated the necessary words three or four times, but how great soever her confidence might be, she yet felt some little emotion when she again saw the Blue City. The necessity she was under of imposing upon Tanzai, the

the fear lest (how cautious soever she might be in her expressions) that he either would discover the whole truth of the adventure, or that Jonquille might be so indiscreet as to blab it : these circumstances added to her shame, wak'd unnumber'd pangs in her bosom, and lessen'd the pleasure she expected to enjoy in meeting again with her husband.

Neadarné had just reason to fear Tanzai's presence. That prince, notwithstanding Whisker's great wit, and the consolation she gave him, had like to have dy'd with vexation. Could I myself, says he to the fairy, consent to let her go and visit Jonquille ? To compleat my calamities, nothing was wanting but for me to bring dishonour upon myself, and at the same time to be strongly sensible of it. What will the faithless creature say to me at her return ? Alas ! she, perpsaps, is this very moment entwin'd in the arms of the genius, and there obliterates the remembrance of my fond love and my despair.— Forget you, says Whisker, I am sure she

she never can, and I wou'd lay my life, that if, from a fatality which to me is incomprehensible, she should have yielded to the importunities of Jonquille, still her virtue was uninjured.

—Her thoughts, reply'd Tanzai, in an ironical tone of voice, were doubtless employ'd on her virtue, and 'tis in every woman's power to have it present to her imagination, in the instant you hint at. Should this be found true, reply'd Whisker, what then can you lay to the princess's charge? And suppose, (to change the scene) she should return to the Island under as hideous a form, as useless to you as when she left it, with what eye would you behold her?—I can say nothing as to that, reply'd Tanzai; but is this a proper time for such arguments? You harangue upon the passions with a most tedious exactness, and provided you have but an opportunity to tattle, you don't value how much time you consume that way.—I cannot bear, replies Whisker, your injustice, and wish you would be less fan-

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fantastical. Once again, rely on the favour which Barbacela has ever indulged you. If the bare thoughts, reply'd Tanzai, of her protection and yours are sufficient to calm all my fears, I may as well keep them to myself; and if I may judge of the kindness she has for me, from a certain situation I once was in, I can never flatter myself, that she'll be of any service to the princess. But why did not you, if your power be so great, prevent her visiting Jonquille? You are very sensible, says the mole, that we in vain endeavour'd to oppose the supreme decree of the fates. Very well, says he; and should these ordain, that Neadarne must never return such as I want to find her, but by the assistance of Jonquille, what methods will you use to prevent the effect of this? As you are so fond of arguments, I here put one to you, and desire you to answer it. That I can easily enough, replies Whisker: As fairies, says he, are the offspring of the fates, things which are impossible to mortals are easily effected

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effected by us ; tho' the last mentioned powers cannot revoke their decrees when we desire it, they yet may soften the rigours of them ; and leaving to us (in subordination to themselves) the government of the universe, they permit us to extend our clemency to such objects as we think proper to favour. I presume, you don't in the least question my friendship ; and you ought to remember, that before Neardarne set out upon her journey, I assur'd you, that in case Jonquille did not treat her with generosity, he then should be deluded with a phantom whom I would raise up under her form. Says Tanzai, if you have power to effect this in my favour, why did not you do it in your own ? Why did you not substitute a shade instead of your darling Cormorant, and so put an end to his long penitence ? ——— Jonquille, says she, would have discovered the fraud : Cormorant was ordain'd to be so many years at his devotion, and he employ'd it to so great a variety of uses during his captivity, that it would have been
impos-

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impossible for me, continues Whisker, to impose upon Jonquille on that occasion. You will find, replies Tanzai, that the use he is to make of the princess, renders him more liable to be impos'd upon. 'Tis certain, says he, the fates, your progenitors, form very ridiculous and unaccountable decrees, and the expedients by which you would obviate them are very singular.——

Says Whisker, you don't merit consolation, nor are worthy of Neadarne's excessive passion. Tho' it should be impossible for her to shun Jonquille, would it become you to reproach her with it? And when you yourself was to pass one night with Cucumber, you were less scrupulous than Neadarne would be on such an occasion. You ridiculously imagin'd, that the brightest object of the creation put forth her longing arms to embrace you; you madly resign'd your whole person to a screech-owl; and, were the princess to know how far you were faithless, I cannot say, whether she would not take some little pleasure, spite of her strict
G 2 virtue,

virtue, in punishing you for your suspicions. — In the name of Cormorant! dear Whisker, says Tanzai, never speak to her about the detestable island of Gnats. Neadarne was but too well reveng'd; and in case (which I no ways doubt) you know the rest of that story, you ought to do me justice; and must be very sensible, that I exerted myself, more for the sake of enjoying again so delicious a creature, than for that of my recovery. Says the fairy, 'twill be a pleasure to me to observe an inviolable fidelity with regard to your secret; but then, I conjure you to be easy and unruffled, and not to be so injurious with respect to me, as always to doubt my power; for 'tis much greater than you imagine. The prince promis'd to gratify her in every request; but still his disquietudes were so violent that 'twas impossible for him to calm them a single moment, whilst the fairy, wearied out with his complaints, was forced to throw him into a deep sleep three or four times a day; on which occasions, his mind would have been per-

perplex'd with very unpleasing visions, had not Whisker, purely out of friendship for Neadarné, called up those of the most agreeable kind.



* C H A P. XIX.

More necessary than agreeable.

TAnzai was scarce recover'd from one of the enchanting illusions which the fairy had imagin'd to his fancy, but he saw the princess arrive. He had a moment before perceiv'd her in slumbers, rejecting all Jonquille's fond addresses, and obstinately refusing a cure ; whilst the genius, touch'd with her uncommon virtue, effected it without claiming the least reward. This vision had inclin'd him to give Neadarne a most tender reception ; but when he perceiv'd her adorned with the gifts of Jonquille, and conducted by Cormorant, he imagin'd that she had been obliged to have

been complaisant more than once, in order to redeem the latter prince from his captivity : Again, had she preserved her virtue so very strictly, Jonquille would indeed have esteemed her, but not have granted her so much. This rous'd all his jealousy in an instant ; he look'd at her with an air of gloom, and answer'd, with great haughtiness, the many compliments of Whisker's lover.

The fairy had no sooner got a glimpse of Cormorant, but her metamorphosis ceas'd ; when she appeared to the eyes of Tanzai and Neadarne, a tall thin woman, with a finical, coquettish air. Her dress was very gay and becoming. The instant of her transformation, she sprung into Cormorant's arms. On her left cheek was a whisker after the Chinese fashion, which was the first thing Cormorant kiss'd. In Tanzai's opinion, the whisker gave a ridiculous air to the fairy's face.

Being very much out of humour, he examin'd Cormorant critically. Whisker

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ker had represented him in such charming colours, Tanzai expected to have seen a miracle in beauty, but was not displeased when he saw this so much boasted prince, no other than a diminutive creature but three foot in stature, of a lank ungraceful form ; he seem'd to have nothing pleasing, but an insipid effeminate air, which denoted the cast of his mind, and the pleasure he must necessarily give to women of the fairy's complexion. Tanzai, at any other time, would have been more diverted ; but being so highly exasperated at Neadarne, it drew off his attention from what would otherwise have afforded him the greatest mirth.

The princess trembled as she advanced towards Tanzai ; and, whilst the other fond pair (till now, long divided) breath'd all the melting expressions which a passion (that hath been cross'd for years, and, at last, is satisfied) can possibly inspire, Tanzai, with anger-darting eyes, and fixed in sullen silence, rejected the embraces of Neadarne. Whence this cruelty ? says she to Tan-

zai. Dearest prince, why this cold return to all my fondness? Surely I have not deserved this usage! Go, madam, says he, with an air of the utmost haughtiness; go back to Jonquille, and forget that there was ever such a man as Tanzai. 'Twas not I, says Neadarne, that sought for him; you alone forced me to undertake that journey, and I do not see why then

—— Prince, says Whisker, (who was come up to them upon hearing their quarrel) you are unjust in every respect; and were you but sensible how much you ought to blush for the jealousy you entertain, you would not betray it in this manner. Listen to me, say she, (taking him aside;) you may remember what I promised with regard to Cucumber; now, be assur'd, I'll forfeit my word the instant you break yours. More than this, I'll demonstrate the princess's innocence to you; but, to punish your ill-grounded suspicious, I'll bereave you of her for ever; the transactions which pass'd in that island give you pain, but it will be very easy
to

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to convince you, by the testimony of Cormorant, who did not leave Neardarne a moment, that her passion is infinitely more delicate than yours, and that she rejected all the fond importunities of the lovely, powerful Jonquille. But do you require still stronger proofs, and such as may at once confound you immediately? Do but remember the condition in which Neardarne once was, and only compare it with the change that has been since wrought. Obliterate, in the most melting caresses, that gloomy jealousy which the princess will perhaps never forgive, should you harbour it any longer; and reflect, tho' you may not find her such, in every respect, as your suspicions would wish, that you, of all men, ought least to reproach Neardarne for her conduct. Go then, and expiate at her feet the crime you are guilty of, in treating her so injuriously; and, without trifling away time in questioning your faithful partner, incline her gently, and by insensible degrees, to give you the strongest de-

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monstrations of her uncommon virtue and tenderness for you.

Tanzai, not knowing what answer to make the fairy, return'd to Neardarne with an air now as submissive as it had before been haughty ; and Whisker also left the apartment with Cormorant, whom she wanted to discourse upon a thousand particulars. If, says Tanzai, I can give credit to Whisker, and should be sway'd by the fondness I have for you, my Neardarne has not betray'd me ; but forgive my scruples, and my doubts concerning your fidelity ; had I not harbour'd such fears, I could not possibly love you, and I have been in circumstances so cruel, with respect to my passion, and so dangerous with regard to your virtue, that my mind must necessarily have felt inexpressible tortures. The fatal oracle which commanded you to visit Jonquille, the employment of that genius, your unparallell'd beauty, were not these considerations more than sufficient to fill me with terror ? On the other side, how exquisite a delight shall I prove, should the tenderness of my
Nea-

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Neadarne have made her triumph over all these obstacles!——Says the princess, (with tears) every moment since I left you, the dear Tanzai has been the sole object of my love. For ever present to my imagination Jonquille, spite of all his fondness, could not make the least impression on a heart which you possess entirely.——

The genius, replied Tanzai, was doubtless very urgent, you seem'd allotted for him, he doubtless was enchanted with your beauty, you was at his devotion!——Have you forgot, says Neadarne, the horrid transformation which was wrought in my person the night before our separation, and can you fancy, that being thus chang'd, I could inspire him with fond wishes? Says Tanzai, 'twas his business to remove the odious disguise which he himself only had made you wear; and I can scarce persuade myself, that he was less scrupulous with regard to you than the rest of the women of this city, who were in the same condition. He yet, replies the princess, did not consider me in the same

same light with them ; and without knowing to whom I gave the return of my charms (since you are pleased to think I have some) I soon appeared in the same form to him, as I now am revealed to you. — Says the curious Tanzai, you needed not to implore his aid on that occasion, but in what condition are you return'd ? Do you still bear the marks of Cucumber's vengeance ? Has the genius been of as little service to you on this article, as on the other ? Says the princess, casting her eyes on the ground, as I myself did not perceive my first metamorphosis, I cannot determine whether something may not be still wanting to both our wishes. — You, at least, continues Tanzai, know whether Jonquille was affected with your sorrows ; and I shall take it as a prodigious favour, if you will inform me what was his holy will, (the words of the oracle) with regard to you. — Jonquille, answered Neadarne, began by applauding extravagantly the few charms I might
pos-

possess; he obliged me to acquaint him with the motives of my journey; he pitied my misfortune more than it really deserv'd; and, at last, assured me, there was no other way for me to dissolve the enchantment, than by abandoning myself to his desires. — And what follow'd? says the prince, reddening. — What follow'd! says she; loving you so tenderly as I do, how can you ask me such a question? — Pray now, says Tanzai, what answer did you make him? Such a one, reply'd the princess, as my passion for you must naturally suggest. — But was he, continu'd Tanzai, discourag'd by the repulses he met with in this first overture; and did not he endeavour to soften your rigour? You certainly was worthy of the utmost pains he could take; and I am sure, had I been in his place, I should not have been insensible to such a beauty as that of yours.

Tanzai,

Tanzai, says the princess, notwithstanding the few perfections I boast, he was not so soon repuls'd. Tho' he had not met with the reception he expected, he yet flatter'd himself, that his repeated assiduities would at last prevail over my resistance. In order to this, he address'd me in the most tender expressions; and more ambitious (as he protested) to win my affections, than to enjoy the pleasures which kinder beauties indulge him unask'd, he used his utmost endeavours to persuade me, that I had made the strongest impressions on his heart. The splendid festivities he made on my account, prov'd the violence of his passion. Enjoying a more despotic sway in Jonquille's Island than himself did; all his subjects, in imitation of their master, fell prostrate before me: Whisker's lover, who pin'd away in the most cruel captivity, saw his chains fall off, and an end put to his torments; in a word, I procur'd him the liberty he so much panted

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panted after. ——— Says Tanzai, interrupting her, but did not the genius require some little recompence for all these mighty favours? Being subject to his supreme power, did he not endeavour to exercise it over the triumphant Neadarne? To conclude; in what manner was the cure effected? The genius, reply'd she, was, at last, as much tired with my refusal, as I am now with your questions; loving me better than you do, and infinitely less unjust, he respected my tears. I am not able to tell you, who was the object of his transports; nor can I say in what condition I left the Island. Now I am return'd, you subject me to a most injurious examination; quite lost to memory, and to gratitude, you have forgot that 'twas yourself only who sent me to Jonquille, and with reluctance I obey'd you. Well, fill up the measure of your injustice; dissolve the ties which have hitherto bound us; and, since you will force me to hate you ——— Dearest creature,
says

says Tanzai, throwing himself at her feet, I own my guilt ; but save me from your hatred, shield me from a calamity which would be most shocking: Yes, I will believe, that, for ever tender, and faithful to our vows, you did not yield to the wild transports of Jonquille. But then, what did the oracle mean ? and if you are such as my passion wishes you to be, by what means did I escape my seemingly unavoidable disgrace ? I have already told you, reply'd Neadarne, that I cannot directly affirm, whether we have still cause to dread Cucumber's malice ; however, I have some reasons to believe, that 'twill be impossible for it once to ruffle our hours. Jonquille, wounded with my resistance, after employing all the seducing arts which love is capable of inspiring, at last left me to myself. I then was led to an apartment, all the doors of which I myself fasten'd ; there, sitting on a sofa, I bemoan'd the wretchedness of my situation ; I began to muse deeply

deeply on my misfortune, when flumbers seal'd my eyes ; and after a dream most fatal to my virtue, and my love, a dream ! which even in my waking moments fills me with shame and horror ; methoughts, I saw so considerable a transformation——Barbarous ape ! cries Tanzai ; my disgrace is then compleated ; this fatal vision proves but too evidently that my fears were just. —— I cannot conceive, reply'd the princess, with an angry air, why you fly into such transports, and what it is I can have injured you in. There has hitherto been so great a similitude in our adventures, that I could not suppose you would be surprized to hear mine conclude with a dream. As a like punishment has been inflicted on us, why should not the same remedy be apply'd to both. —— Alas ! added Tanzai, would to the cruel gods, who still persecute me, that I had no reason to exclaim against the horrid remedy, the remembrance of which costs you so little pangs. —— If it be so, continu'd

Nea-

Neadarne, e'en give a loose to your rage; as you do all that lies in your power to find me guilty, I consent to be so. Make a reality of my vision, forget that I ever reproach'd you with him, who represented Cucumber to you, so worthy of your fond wishes: forget, that 'twas in my power to deliver up myself to Jonquille, without being criminal; but suffer me also to fly you——for ever; and since you don't consider me as worthy of your esteem, never speak to me more of your love. The princess spoke these words with so absolute a tone of voice, and her eyes sparkled with so much anger, that Tanzai, overpowered by excess of tenderness, ceas'd his reproaches; and recollecting the experiment which Whisker had advis'd, he endeavour'd to soften Neadarne; when, embracing her with transport, he prevailed so far, that spite of her rage, she was not able to refuse him any thing. Cruel creature! says she, in a melting voice, I am no longer dear to you. ——— Tanzai, wholly employ'd

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ploy'd in satiating his curiosity and his love, answer'd her no otherwise, than by redoubling his eager careffes: and Neadarne, now being overcome by her passion, no longer oppos'd an expedient which secur'd for ever her future glory and happiness.



CHAP.

* CHAP. XX.

In what manner the most crafty are deceiv'd. Arrival of Barbacela: Return to Chechian. Contest, with regard to the Skimmer, terminated amicably. Conclusion of the History.

INchantments, it must be confess'd, are sometimes of wonderful use; for 'tis notorious, that the princess had not disengag'd herself from Jonquille on such easy terms as a dream; and 'tis equally certain, Tanzai, being totally in the dark with respect to Whisker's secret, had been forced to own that his suspicions were entirely groundless.

Neadarne indeed, whom it nearly concern'd to calm Tanzai's jealous fears, had, before she left the Island, mutter'd thrice over to herself the mysterious words; she had repeated them all the way she went from the Island to the Blue City; and the reader will believe, that in her present

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circumstances, she supposed it might not be improper to mutter them again. This enchantment which she had so often repeated, not surmising it would be attended with a certain consequence, had disguised her so much, that she had like to have again stood in need of the genius's aid. Tanzai, quite tired with all these obstacles, used his utmost efforts to surmount them, but all in vain, for neither his passion, nor his courage, were of any use to him on this occasion. My Neadarne, says he, in highest raptures of love and pleasure, how great is my calamity! but how conspicuous is your virtue!

My prince, says she, in the most tender voice, will you be for ever repining? Had you rather I should have put it out of your power to make any such complaints? ——— Oh! says Tanzai, (who was insensible to every thing but his passion) why did you not indulge some few particulars to Jonquille? What shall we do? Alas! after this dream, you reproach'd me with, I, at least, was not obliged to undertake a second journey. And must you, my fairest, absolutely go again?

again? But inform me, I conjure you, of the particulars of the vision which wanton'd in your fancy, when you were in Jonquille's court?—Let me rather, says Neadarne, blot the minutest circumstances of it from my memory. Tho' you now are perfectly convinc'd, that my fidelity to you was real, still your passion is so very delicate, that 'twill be impossible for you to hear, without emotion, the particulars of so disagreeable a scene; and my love for you is so violent, that it must, at the same time, necessarily give me the utmost pain; forget therefore the fatal island, and be so good-natur'd, as never to mention it more to me; after this, be no longer anxious about my cure. Whisker has now revived her former prerogatives, she doubtless will oppose all Cucumber's attempts; and we may be assur'd, that Barbacela will aid us with all her power. Let us therefore, says she, go again to the fairy, and no longer endeavour to disenchant me, for 'twill be all to no purpose.

Tanzai, being unaccountably obstinate, would not comply at first; but
soon

soon finding that what Neadarne assur'd him was true, he went with her in search of Whisker and Cormorant. 'Twou'd be very difficult to discribe the fond expressions by which he pour'd out his soul to the princess on this occasion. Let the reader image to himself a man distractedly in love, and at the same time extreamly jealous, who, after having been justly tortured with the most cruel fears, is at last convinced, in all respects, that he has compleatly escaped the impending danger.

They soon found Whisker; who leaning indolently on her witty Cormorant, was coming out of the garden. The fairy quickly perceived, by the air of satisfaction which appeared in Tanzai's countenance, that his mind was now perfectly at ease with regard to Neadarne's fidelity : and whilst the two princes were employed in complimenting one another, Whisker taking Neadarne aside, tell me say she, how came you off with Tanzai : As well, replied the princess, as I could have wish'd ; so well, that my husband would think it a crime to harbour the least suspicion with regard to my virtue. — But still, my dear Whisker, I can never

never enjoy peace after what has pass'd between the genius and me, and shall ever reproach myself for the artifice by which I deluded Tanzai. I conceive, reply'd the fairy, that the circumstances you mention must necessarily torture a woman of your virtue and sincerity, but both were unavoidable; and therefore be in no farther pain about them. Alas! say she, Whisker, how will it be possible for me to banish them from my thoughts? Jonquille declar'd, that he would assume my husband's form, whenever he wanted to extort any favours from me, and the fear lest he should execute his menaces has made so dreadful an impression on me, that I just now doubted very much, whether himself or Tanzai were examining me: Must I ever be haunted with these fears? — Says the fairy, taking it for granted, that Jonquille should employ this stratagem to correspond with you, how would this injure your virtue? Besides, it would amount, at most, to a bare suspicion. — Alas! says Neadarne, would not that be more than enough? In the name of the gods, rid me of this fear! — 'Tis not in my power, reply'd Whisker; for the genius, who is
just

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just awak'd from the lethargy into which you had thrown him, exasperated at your flight, is, this instant, forming a resolution to love you eternally ; and would be inconsolable for your absence, were he not certain, that 'tis in his power to enjoy you again. However, continued Whisker, conceal very industriously from the prince, the alarms which Jonquille raises in your imagination. You know he is extreamly jealous, that should he have the least notion of your fears, he would watch you perpetually, and by that means, make life a burthen to you. But, by the way, you must have a strong aversion to Jonquille, since the bare thought of meeting again with him, gives you so much uneasiness ; and yet he was not so odious to you last night. — I was forced, says Neadarne, to submit to the rigour of fate ; but still, my heart, for ever faithful to Tanzai, was every moment reflecting on the dear man. — Says Whisker, many things might be said on that subject ; however, should we talk longer together, possibly your husband would be fir'd with new suspicions, and

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besides, I long to be again with my Cormorant.

After saying these words, they went up to the two princes, who having already contracted the greatest intimacy, were discoursing on the harmony of the sackbut. Both were returning towards the palace where they resided; when a light car, drawn by butterflies, descended from the most unclouded part of the skies and stopped just before them.

By the splendor of the vehicle, they discover'd the beneficent Barbacela. Tanzai ran to her with the utmost transports, as he imagin'd that all his woes were at an end, now he was come into her presence. This fairy received Whisker and Cormorant with a tender embrace, and congratulated them both on this reunion, which they had so long panted after. As for you, Tanzai, says she to that prince, your sufferings have been very great since my absence; nor has the lovely Neadarné been exempt from troubles. The fates, after having been exasperated at your disobedience, are now, at my earnest entreaties, entirely reconcil'd to you. 'Tis with the greatest pleasure, I see you still possess'd of the
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enchanted Skimmer ; and if Saugrenutio will but submit to what is requir'd from him, you then will be secur'd from the malicious attempts of Cucumber, and all your days will be shining and prosperous.

I am afraid, says Tanzai, 'twill not be in your power to prevail with him. He shews an invincible obstipacy with regard to the affair of the Skimmer ; you yourself are sensible, that the government us'd its utmost endeavours to make him swallow it ; and still he continu'd inflexible. Says Barbacela, I have at last hit upon an expedient which will force him to a compliance. — But, come into my car ; we shall be convey'd as swift as thought to Chechianea, and there you'll all enjoy the most profound tranquillity. The four lovers obey'd the fairy ; when the car seconding their impatience, wafted them instantly to the capital of Chechianea.

Words can never express the joy which Cephaes felt, when he again beheld the fond pair. After embracing them in the most affectionate manner, and asking them a thousand questions, the fairy sent for Saugrenutio. The face of affairs was quite chang'd since the princess's absence. The patriarch was dead, and the high-

priest aspir'd secretly to his dignity ; but the bestowing it depended entirely on the king. Saugrenutio saw little hopes of succeeding to it, unless he should comply with the affair of the Skimmer: Being insatiably ambitious, he was not so much terrify'd at that instant, when so exalted an employment was to be bestow'd with it. Tho' he before had been so obstinate, he yet would not have scrupled to lick it, had it been of a common size ; but now he consider'd, that it would not only be infamous in him to retract, but likewise, that the forcing of it down would put him to extream pain, and quite tear away his mouth. These were the only two obstacles to his compliance.

The king, who had nothing so much at heart as the welfare of his son, consented to raise Saugrenutio to the patriarchate, provided he would submit to what was required from him. An able statesman, who was deputed by Cephaes to be the high-priest, had already made him (but in an indirect manner) some overtures with regard to this affair, and Saugrenutio was treating upon it when the fairy came in. He consider'd
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the message which was sent him, as a good omen. A report had long prevail'd that he was belov'd of the fairy in question ; but whether this were true, or not, 'tis certain, she ever preserv'd that sort of esteem for him, which we always entertain for persons with whom we have contracted a strict intimacy. And indeed people were greatly surpriz'd, when they knew that this fairy had commanded him to lick the Skimmer, and therefore imputed this ill office to some secret affair which had exasperated the fairy against him. Nevertheless, Saugrenutio was not displeased at Barbacela's arrival, and he obey'd the orders the moment he received them. Come hither, says Barbacela, I know the reasons which prevent your compliance, and keep you from listening to what is for your real interest. I am able to remove the obstacle which gives you so much pain. The size of the Skimmer terrifies you : but suppress all your fears, for I promise you, upon the word of a fairy, to remove all that appears so shocking to you on this occasion, and have prevail'd upon his majesty to make you patriarch, provided you obey his commands. Are you

you satisfied with my proposal? says Saugrenutio. I am; and since I must be forced to submit, I will lick the Skimmer to-morrow morning before the nobility and priests. The prince hearing this, made him a very polite compliment, and the king immediately nominated him patriarch of great Chechianea. The publick in general, seemed greatly pleased upon this reconciliation. The priests only accus'd Saugrenutio with acting infamously, and had the highest contempt for a man, who, they declar'd, made religion venal, at the same time, that there was not one among them, but would have sold it for a much less reward.

Tanzai, being impatient to see himself entirely possess'd of Neadarne, asked the high-priest, whether he could not lick the Skimmer that instant? Saugrenutio declared he would; but the fairy assuring him, that it was absolutely necessary he should perform the ceremony of it publicly, the prince was obliged to wait; and thereupon, by the fairy's advice, he pass'd the night without the princess, who had Whisker for her companion during that time, as Cormorant had the prince. Neadarne told Whisker, that she

she believ'd she had repeated the secret too often; upon which, the generous fairy set every thing to rights again, but how or in what manner, is not known.

At last, the long-wish'd-for day was come. The fairy, the king, and the four lovers, arriv'd early at the temple, where, Saugrenutio, cloath'd in the splendid vestments of his new office, lick'd the Skimmer, with a supernatural grace, in presence of the nobility and priests. He, nevertheless, was vex'd to the soul, when he consider'd how much he had debased himself: however, to compensate in some measure for what he had done, the first decree he made, was that no man should, thence-forwards, be received as priest, without first licking the Skimmer.

The reader will naturally suppose, that this decree met with great opposition, and gave rise to unnumber'd feuds and dissentions in Chechianea.

This august ceremony being ended, they all return'd to the palace. Barbacella, after promising the fond pair her constant protection; and assuring them, that they would be for ever out of the reach

reach of Cucumber's malice, return'd to Gewgaw Island.

Tanzai's felicity was now compleated. Loving to the utmost excess of passion, he quite forgot that Jonquille had ever awak'd his jealousy, whilst the tender Neadarne obliterated eternally, in the arms of her Tanzai, the remembrance of Cucumber, and, perhaps, of the genius. As for Whisker and Cormorant, after continuing some time in Chechianea, to share the pleasures and diversions of Tanzai, they return'd to Barbacela, having first assured the amorous pair, that they would visit them frequently.

And now, Cephaes, tir'd with the splendid burthen of royalty, resigned the crown to his son; whose flame continuing as bright as ever, he endeavour'd to raise up to himself all the descendants possible. As for Neadarne, if she was sometimes visited by Jonquille, she took care not to blab it; and so great was their happiness, that Cucumber himself became their friend. Here, for want of a more ample chronicle, I must be forced to conclude one of the most extraordinary histories that perhaps the world ever saw.



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THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800

By JOHN H. COLEMAN
Author of "The History of the City of Boston from 1630 to 1800"
and "The History of the City of Boston from 1800 to 1850"

BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LEECH, 15 NASSAU ST.
1850

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